THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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DOGS OF WAR.

All Europe, According to Richard Pearson Hobson, Stands Trembling On the Brittle Brink of a Stupendous Military Volcano.

Russia, France, and Probably Italy, Meditating the Utter Destruction of England and Other European Countries as First-Class Powers.

That arbitration will be the means of adjustment of all serious disputes between nations in the future is a theory which is held by a great many. Richmond Pearson Hobson, assistant naval constructor, United States navy, is not one of these. His conviction is that war is in no danger of becoming obsolete, and, in a thoughtful paper, which appears in the current number of the proceedings of the United States Institute, he contributes an introduction to the study of the coming war. The paper is one that is likely to attract considerable attention. The subject is in itself a most interesting one, and the conclusions of the writer are logical. Logic is a convincing thing at times, and by the use of it Mr. Hobson proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that all the nations of Europe will soon be at each other's throats. It is not going to be an aimless sort of Donnybrook, but a conflict on a heroic scale, and with a well-defined and sinister purpose and end. At its conclusion the whole geography of Europe will have been recast.

"The present generation," the writer says, "has expended its life in preparation. No fact," he adds, "is so universally accepted abroad as the imminence, the very presence, of war. It is a living actuality; not only every man in the armies and navies of the great powers expects to take part personally, but every individual with any hold on life expects to be a witness. This imminent war bids fair to involve all of the six great nations of Europe, a population of, about 324,000,000, of which about 74,000,000 are capable of bearing arms, possessing over 2,000,000 tons of war vessels afloat. * * * The war will be on a scale incomparably greater than any in the world's history. What should be looked for from such a situation in Europe? When should war be expected? From what quarter will it probably come, and what will be its probable course? The aggressor, of course, is studying all the possible plans of attack. He will naturally choose, having the choice, the time, method and circumstances most advantageous to himself. The key to the future thus lies with the dual alliance, in the study of the best plans for it to adopt."

The weight of Great Britain, Mr. Hobson urges, will inevitably be thrown in one scale or the other. That nation's strength lies in her navy, and, turning to that, the writer says that "the relative strength of Great Britain is advancing by oscillations. The present moment finds it at the upper limit of a swing, caused by the completion of the programme of the great naval defense act of 1889. It will begin an immediate descent on account of the failure to lay down new vessels during the execution of this programme. The descent will be sharp and sure, the lowest point being reached in 1896, and early in 1897, before which date practically no addition will be made to armored tonnage, the bulwark of naval strength. On the other hand, the naval strength of both France and Russia is on a rising curve, whose rise is steady, rapid, sure and presents no point of inflection."

He goes on to show that at the present moment British force at sea preponderates over that of the dual alliance for the first series of decisive engagements in the proportion of 1.21 to 1, and is of marked superiority of quality, while for the subsequent series of engagements the proportion is 1.79 to 1 (coast defense tonnage being eliminated). This preponderance now held by Great Britain will, according to the writer's calculation, pass over by 1896-7 to the fleets of the dual alliance. Every indication, he says, points to that moment for making the attack. And he shows that there is no doubt but that France and Russia appreciate the situation. The non-interference of the triple alliance and the defeat of Great Britain is to be followed by the conquest of the central powers.

"Italy having withdrawn," Mr. Hobson says, "the struggle with Germany and Austria-Hungary would be essentially on land. If Italy remained neutral, France and Russia would offer for invasion at the present moment 1,416,000 men on the peace footing, and 6,630,000 on the war footing, against an opposing force of 856,000 men on the peace footing and 4,380,000 on the war footing. This heavy superiority will be greater in 1897, for the aggressors have a population of 165,000,000 in entire accord to draw from, while Germany and Austria-Hungary have but 91,000,000, with dangerous elements of discord growing day by day. * * * Should Italy, against all her interests, against all probability, remain with the triple alliance, the conquest would involve a fierce struggle by sea as well as by land. The fleets of the dual alliance would return shattered from the destruction of the British fleets. Time would have to elapse before they could be sufficiently re-enforced. It would not require long, however, for the armies of the triple alliance are coming to absorb all the resources. * * * Nothing could save the continent after the overthrow of British power by sea.

"The withdrawal of Italy and the formation of a new triple alliance nevertheless would not probably be a signal for immediate war, though equilibrium would not exist. The aggressors would wait to allow the weakening elements of the enemy to work their way, recognizing their own strengthening unity of purpose. Italy would be offered inducements that would outweigh the advantages of spectatorship and neutrality. The dual alliance would require but a light burden and would offer rich rewards. In the certain partition of Germany and Austria-Hungary that would follow she would be promised vast tracts around the Adriatic which, in the hands of an old enemy, have long been looked on with covetous eyes, and France, with vast, gratifying accessions on the east, might offer the old provinces of Nizzt and Savoy, and might, perhaps, allow her to take Tunis and Tripoli, being sure herself of getting Egypt. With a certainty of victory, and fear of displeasing the powers that would without her even be victorious, she would probably pass from isolation to alliance. Europe would then see the six nations in the two great natural triple alliances: France, Russia and Italy for aggression; Germany, Austria-Hungary and Great Britain for defense.

"Impatient aggression would not then have occasion to wait longer for further weakness in the enemy, having a preponderance on the sea of more than 100,000 standard armored tons, and, taking the present condition as an index, though each year will make a greater preponderance, on land an average of 600,600 men for the first wave and 3,600,000 men total excess. This preponderance would be overwhelming. Signing the new aggressive alliance would sound the bugle call to war. Europe would be seized with convulsions. Three nations would be engulfed in one great upheaval. Germany and Austria-Hungary would no longer be seen on the map; the British Empire would belong to past history. It is evident which nation of the three victors would claim the east and take the largest share of the west. After the wrangle a new era would begin in Europe. Its duration and termination are easily seen. A glance at the map of history and the march of events shows that Russian ambition does not stop short of two continents, and will not be satisfied till Russian territory has no boundaries but oceans."

In conclusion the writer points out that fate or forethought will have the Franco-Russian strength reach its maximum preponderance over British strength previous to the expiration of the treaty of the triple alliance, and says:

"To check this somber onward rush of events there are no means on which much hope can be placed. The great, best remedy, the dissolution of the dual alliance, does not permit hope. This alliance, founded on complete community of immediate interests, is come to stay, and is growing stronger and more indissoluble each day. Only disastrous war realized or imminently threatening can dissolve it. No combination in Europe without Great Britain's sea power could threaten or inflict such war. This sea power at the present moment could do so alone, but the opportunity is rapidly passing away. There is scarcely a shadow of hope that Great Britain will take the offensive; there is but the barest hope that she will throw her power into the triple alliance to save herself and it. This alliance itself, from the very nature of its exclusively defensive compact, cannot, while the dual alliance cries peace, take the offensive and insure the later joining of the British sea power in the event of adversity.

"Thus the entire responsibility rests with Great Britain, and the necessity is urgent for her immediate action. Each day sees the vessels building in France nearing completion. Fifteen months hence the preponderance of power will have passed over to the enemy; the dual alliance will be beyond the possibility of dissolution; the one opportunity for saving herself and Europe from the dread consequences of this alliance will have passed forever. Each day will then bring nearer the day of her greatest exposure to a stronger and aggressive enemy; each day will render less probable her acceptance into the refuge of the triple alliance; each day will render more inevitable the desertion of Italy and her passing over to the enemy.

"If self-sufficiency or conservatism, or want of enlightenment, or foresight, or lack of decision, or boldness, or all combined, cause Great Britain to neglect the call of duty from the crisis in her own and in the world's history; if she fails soon to throw her fleets against the enemy, neglecting to choose war while she is stronger and while the enemy could be disintegrated, leaving the enemy to choose it when he becomes the stronger and indissolubly united, and if she fails also to adopt the less desirable but only other alternative of seeking refuge in the triple alliance in time for acceptance and in time to save Italy, thus leaving the road clear for the plans of the great aggressive alliance, then may heaven prepare to come down on earth to work miracles by the hands of men, may a host of guardian angels hover close over freedom and civilization as they tremble in the lands of their birth."

Among those who have been asked to criticise the paper are the secretaries of the navy, state and war departments, Senators Morgan, McPherson and Lodge, Lord Brassey, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Kimberley, the French minister of marine, W. Laird Clowes, Archibald Forbes, John C. Ropes, Capt. A. T. Mahan, Admirals Walker, Ramsay, Meade, Luce and Brown and a number of others whose opinions have weight.—*New York Times.*

CELTIC BARDS.

An Interesting Paper Read Before the Catholic Literary Society of Glasgow by Mr. William Boyle.

The Important Part Which the Bard of Old Played in His Day Can Hardly Be Over-Estimated.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The personal adornment of the bards was on a level with their other dignities. They were allowed to wear six colors, being one more color than the soldiery and only one less than rainbow royalty itself. The robe, which was white, long and flowing, fastened on the left shoulder by a brooch, while the ceremonial or crescent, the ensign of authority, glistened on their brows. Nothing but the best material and finest workmanship was worthy of their persons. The Brehon code fixed the value of a bard's robe of fine silver for a king or bard at the sum of 30 heifers. The clothes of a common poet and his wife cost three milch cows, the garments of an Ollamh five cows. What a lesson there is here for Grub street! The cochal or coate was fringed and fancifully ornamented with needlework. Full dress consisted of the cathanas or body-covering and the truise, the gathered-up portion. The shoes were wooden and of pentagonal form. In addition to which the Ollamh wore the barred cap of honor. These splendors were somewhat modified after the introduction of Christianity, owing to the very natural jealousy of churchmen, and entirely disappeared under the benevolence of Elizabeth, when bard and churchman alike became the objects of unrelenting persecution. But, under the ancient rule of the native monarchs, the bard was all important. He sang and, sometimes like an English laureate, even composed verses in honor of royal or noble birth; he encouraged, cheered, and soothed in love, in chase, in battle. He harped and hymned at cattle-fray, or wedding-feast, and, when at last his patron's race on earth was run pursued him with funeral pieces beyond the mystic vail. Funeral ceremonies have ever been performed with special solemnity by the Irish Celts. Volume IV of the Transactions of the Irish Academy gives the following outline of a hero's funeral: "The Druid (later on the Christian priest, no doubt) first performed those rites which may be called religious; the Senachie then repeated the eulogium of the departed hero, detailing his descent and titles. He was followed by the Files who recited the caoine or funeral song, which having been adapted to music by the Ocrifidhe, or musician, was sung by the Racaraide, or rhapsodist, who was joined by the wailing notes of all present." Thus standing at the gates of fame, and allowing only those they wished to enter through its portals, is it any wonder either, that, holding out such privileges and emoluments, the profession in spite all its long years of preparation, became overcrowded and demoralized, that greed of gain grew uppermost in the minds of the singers—most of whom were not creative poets at all—till their exactions became in the end intolerable.

Even in ancient Erin there was a spice of what the American calls "human nature"; and, unfortunately, human nature has always shown a tendency to allowing itself to get spoilt by over-cherishing. The bards were men after all. They brought up all their families to their own profitable calling and strangers forced their way into their ranks, till the order became, it is said by Keating, a third of the entire population ready to eat up the remaining two-thirds. Dr. Sigerson reckons in the petty princedom of Tyrconnell alone the real estate allocated to the maintenance of the "literati" amounted in value to £2,000 of our present currency. The people could stand this incumbus no longer; and, notwithstanding the superstitious terror of the power the bards were supposed to have inherited from the Druids of destroying the happiness of those against whom they launched their satire, determined to curb the singers' greed. The climax was reached when a bard demanded for his fee the brooch from the breast of Aodh, the King of Ulster. Bards might be great but kings were greater, and as a consequence of this impudent claim, the council of Drumceat in 580 reduced the number of bards in Ulster down to 200. The gentle heart of St. Columba (a bard himself of no mean talents) went forth in pity for the disestablished sons of song, with the result that many more, to the credit of all concerned, were tolerated on condition of submitting to certain prescribed rules of conduct. From time to time, however, through succeeding ages, it was found necessary to pass measures of coercion for the bards. But, alas! a day of trial was at hand for them and all Ireland, a day that purified the bardic ranks once more and bound them heart and soul with the people as long as one remained:

"Though they've lost their noblest measure, in the dark days hard at hand,
Song shall be the only treasure, left them in their native land."

The poetic spirit, whatever its faults and failings—and, Heaven knows, they are many!—has ever been upon the side of liberty as the English invaders of Ireland soon discovered. From the time of Henry II down to the present century, the war against liberty and against the bard was one and the same thing. The murderer of Thomas a Becket endeavored to suppress the order entirely as inimical to his designs. The Statutes of Kilkenny (1309) contains enactments against them. Later on, the poet Spenser, sinking his poetic character in his other character of freebooter, advocated their destruction while praising their skill, and appropriating their ideas as coolly as he appropriated their patrons' lands. In truth, his invective against them is their highest praise as it proves the manner in which they opposed the invasion. The mercenary spirit which prosperity engendered in their ranks of old was not now sufficiently strong to induce them to desert the cause of their country. Only in a few instances were the large bribes offered by the English to win them over to the side of the conquerors accepted. In the 49 of Edward III (1375) a precept occurs for the remuneration of Dowenald O'Moghane, a bard who had twanged his harp to sound in slavery. Fortunately for the honor of song Dowenald O'Moghanes were not very numerous then or at any time in Ireland.

During the reign of that delectable sovereign, Henry VIII, it was enacted that no Irish minstrels, rhymers, shannaghes, or bards "be messengers to desire any good of any dwelling within the English Pale, upon pain of forfeiture of all their goods and their bodies to be imprisoned at the king's will." The "man-minded" Elizabeth was not to be outdone in this respect by her venerated parent. Consequently we find—"And for that these rhymers do by their ditties and rhymes to lords and gentlemen in commemoration and praise of extortion, rebellion, etc., etc., encourage those lords and gentlemen rather to follow those vices than to leave them, and that for making of such rhymes rewards are given, etc., for abolishing so heinous an abuse orders be taken that none of them from henceforth give any manner of reward for any such lewd rhymes, and he that shall offend to pay the Queen's Majesty double the value of that he shall pay to the rhymer that shall make any rhymes or ditties shall make fine according to the discretion of the commissioners and that proclamation be made accordingly." This fostering attention to Irish song was continued almost uninterruptedly to the last century, when the Munster bardic sessions were suppressed by penal law. Thus hunted, banned, and persecuted, the bards found shelter among the glens and remote districts reduced to the level of the common people where their muse was lowered to the composition of drinking [illegible] and love ditties as they

[illegible] to please a peasant's ear.

"That harp a king han loved to hear."

LOVE SONG OF ELIZABETHAN DAYS.

BY MICHAEL SCANLAN.

She little knew, love,
The strength of true love,
Who sought to sever my heart from thine,
With bribes to prove me,
With force to move me,
To shape my vows to her godless shrine.
With faith unspoken,
And vows unbroken,
I spurned the gifts which she pressed on me.
Her power defying,
With love undying,
I stood professed unto Heaven and thee!

I sought the pages
Of saints and sages,
And read the story in every line—
How great and lowly,
How wise and holy,
Flung earth away for thy love divine!
As thou dost woo me,
Thy beauty drew me
To fixed estate, from the false and fleet,
Till forever guiding,
In faith abiding,
I laid my heart at thy sacred feet!

Did I betray thee,
And thus repay thee
For love abounding and priceless faith,
Would power avail me,
Should heaven assail me,
And smite my heart with despair and death?
Her pomp and folly,
Her rites unholy,
Her power and splendor are lost on me,
For life is dearer,
And heaven is nearer,
A houseless priest on the hills with thee!

The Mistress alluded to in the poem is Erin in the Penal Days, and her lover is the Irish Priest, who had rather live "houseless" on the hills than break his faith to share in the "splendor" of Erin's rival. The imagery is conjured by the same spirit that enabled Moore to present the "Irish Peasant to His Mistress" and Banim's "Boggarth Aroon." But each is distinctly original and is clothed in the garment of Truth as well as Beauty. The *Irish World* offers its congratulations to Mr. Scanlan.—*Irish World.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

IRISH AUTHORS OF TODAY.

Lionel Johnson, One of the Most Scholarly Literary Critics of England.

A Famous Journalist and a Sweet Singer—Some of His Recent Works.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

Through the medium of the literary journals and magazines of fiction, the fame of Lionel Johnson is rapidly spreading everywhere that books are written and read in the English language. It is not owing to some lucky bit of sensational novel-writing or clever advertising by friendly editors that his reputation was established: it was by sheer force of genius combined with one of the most thorough of English educations that won for him the fame he is now enjoying.

Mr. Johnson comes of a Sligo family and is about 28 years of age. His education was completed at Oxford and he turned his attention to literary work quite early in his career, his poems appearing in many of the English literary papers. He latterly became connected with the *Academy* and other high-class periodicals, and soon became distinguished as one of the cleverest and most fearless literary critics of the day; a man whose opinion was unbiased by personal friendship or dislike and therefore of considerable weight and importance.

In a recently-published work, "The Art of Thomas Hardy" (London, John Lane; New York, Dodd, Mead & Co.), Mr. Johnson has given a magnificent specimen of his skill as a literary critic. The book is a review, or rather an analysis of the writings of the novelist Thomas Hardy. Readers of fiction in America know the writer best by his novel "Far From the Madding Crowd."

Mr. Johnson has no easy task before him in reviewing the art of a living writer and passing judgement on his style and genius. We have had examples of many prolific writers of fiction changing their style so completely before the end of their career that it would [illegible] to have produced all the works. In analyzing the work of Thomas Hardy, however, Mr. Johnson has the advantage of being able to take up some fifteen novels written by that author, and in laying bare the secrets of the art displayed in the designing and development of the different stories, he can give a very thorough idea of the powers and methods of the writer.

Most of the plots of the principal books are sketched and the designing explained. The marvelous plans, or literary architecture, of the novelist are laid before the reader in the most lucid manner, the many peculiar characters portrayed in the tales are studied and explained, and the beauties of the author's language are pointed out and brought to the attention of the reader in a most interesting way. To any one who intends reading the works of Thomas Hardy, a careful perusal of Mr. Johnson's book will open a new view of the great novelist's ideas and afford the reader a rich literary treat.

Since bringing out his "Art of Thomas Hardy," Mr. Johnson has collected and published his poems. In the volume he has revived an old English idea; each of the poems being dedicated to one of his friends—W. B. Yeats, John O'Leary, Dr. Douglas Hyde, T. W. Rolleston, Dr. Todhunter, Mrs. Katherine Hinkson, Dr. Sigerson and others. The poems, as a rule, are of the quieter style. There is a delicacy about some of them that is almost feminine, yet in many there is a strength which at times almost merges on fierceness. In one of his poems, "Enthusiasts," we get a particularly strong word-picture and verses remarkable for strength of language:

Let your swords flash, and wound the golden air of God;
Bright steel to meet and cleave the splendor of His sun!
Now is a war of wars in majesty begun:
Red shall the cornfields ripen, where our horses trod,
Where scythe nor sickle swept, but smote war's iron rod:
Where the stars rose and set, and saw the blood still run.
So shall men tell of us, and dread our deeds, though done:
New annals yet shall praise time's fiercest period.

Let your swords flash and wound the glowing air; now play
A glorious dance of death, with clash and gleam of sword.
Did Syrian sun and moon stand still on Israel's day?
Those or a halt over Ajalon at Joshua's word?
Of us, who ride for God, shall Christian children say:
To battle, see! flash by armed angels of the Lord!

In the more tender passages, however, Mr. Johnson seems more at home. His little fisher hymn, "Mary, Star of the Sea," is beautiful in its simplicity:

Mary, Star of the Sea!
Look on this little place;
Bless the kind fisher race,
Mary, Star of the Sea!

Send harvest from the deep,
Mary, Star of the Sea!
Mary, Star of the Sea!
Let not these women weep.

The rest of the poem is in the same simple strain and reads somewhat like a litany. In many others of his poems he shows the same religious spirit and a love for the old faith. There is a fine tribute to Leo XIII, and the following, written on the burial of Cardinal Manning, is worthy of the subject:

Victor in Roman purple, saint and knight,
In peace he passes to eternal peace;
Triumph so proud, knew not Rome's ancient might;
She knew not to make poor men's sorrow cease;
For thousands, ere he won the holiest home,
Earth was made homelier by this Prince of Rome.

Among the poems one, dedicated to Mrs. Hinkson, attracted my attention. There are several beautiful thoughts in the verses and a depth of feeling, which will be shared by many exiles in America as well as in England:

DESIDERIA.

The angels of the sunlight clothe
In England the corn's golden ears
Round me; yet would that I today
Saw sunlight on the Hill of Howth,
And sunlight on the Golden Spears,
And sunlight upon Dublin Bay.

In hunger of the heart I loathe
These happy fields; I turn with tears
Of love and longing, far away;
To where the heathered Hill of Howth,
Stands guardian with the Golden Spears,
Above the blue of Dublin Bay.

In the following poem there is a patriotism marked with the same gentleness and delicacy that characterizes every other sentiment in Mr. Johnson's verses. While I have striven to give as many different styles of his poems as possible here, I will not have the space to introduce more than one of the many patriotic songs he has written. It is true that they have not the stirring rhythms and burning words of many other Irish singers, yet they have a beauty entirely their own. There is a dreamy yearning about them and an affection for the old land that cannot be mistaken. Of such a class is

THE DAY OF COMING DAYS.

Bright seas cast far upon her shore
White flowers of flying spray;
The blossoms of her fields are more,
Than blossomed yesterday;
The music of her winds and birds
Alone can tell the triumph words,
Her children cannot say.

The stars from solemn deeps look down
In favor and delight;
The glories of her day, they crown
With splendors of her night;
The queen of the adoring Gael,
Their radiant mother, Inisfail,
Reigns, by dirinest right.

Not any one of the doubts that all hearts in the eight place, read the following two verses, taken from different portions of a poem dedicated to the famous old Fenian, John O'Leary, entitled:

WAYS OF WAR.

A terrible and splendid trust
Heartens the host of Inisfail:
Their dream is of the swift sword-thrust
A lightning glory of the Gael.

A dream! a dream! an ancient dream!
Yet, ere peace come to Inisfail,
Some weapons on some field must gleam,
Some burning glory fire the Gael.

The poems of Lionel Johnson are published in London by Elkin Mathews, Vigo street, West, and in the United States by Copeland & Day, of 69 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. The price of the American edition is $1.50. It is a very neat little volume, somewhat in imitation of the antique style, and its contents will find favor with all lovers of a good style of poetry.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central. "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

GREAT DEVASTATION.

DONE BY THE FIRE KING IN THE PENNSYLVANIA WOODS.

People Flee from Their Threatened Homes at Kane and Other Points—Towns Entirely Wiped Out—Ten Miles of Forests Afire and Many Oil Rigs Destroyed.

BRADFORD, Pa., June 4.—The loss by forest fires in McKean and Elk counties will reach into millons.

BRADFORD, Pa., June 4.—Word from Russell City, Pa., says: This place is a roaring mass of flames and people are fleeing for their lives. Efforts to check the spread of the fire are of no avail; the damage will reach into the millions.

RUSSELL CITY, Pa., June 4.—Everything between Iron Run and this city is burned, including all rigs and tanks of the Elk Oil company station and Standard pump station. The fire has crossed the railroad north of Russell City and is sweeping everything before it with a strong wind from the west. If the wind don't change Russell City will be wiped out.

BRADFORD, Pa., June 4.—The woods about Ormsby are on fire and a number of oil rigs have been destroyed. All communication has been cut off. Fires are also reported along the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad as far as Allegheny, N. Y. On the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg road at Dent the property of the Emery Oil company is threatened. Oil rigs all through that section have been burned, as well as millions of feet of standing timber. The most fear is felt at Weatherford Run, where 1,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine is stored. Coon Run, a small settlement ten miles south of here in the heart of the oil fields, has been wiped off the face of the earth by the flames.

Had to Fly for Their Lives.

People had to flee for their lives, and great excitement prevailed. The fire came so suddenly that many women and children were panic-stricken and became unable to move and had to be carried to places of safety in the clearings. Passengers who arrived here last night over the Pittsburg and Western road say the forest for ten miles in the oil field is a roaring mass of flames. Conductor Tanks says the people on the oil leases are fleeing for safety, but the fire spread so quickly that he cannot see how all of them could have been saved. So far as reported several oil pumpers are missing.

Fire Raging Near Bradford.

Telephone messages state that fire is raging in the oil field near here and great damage has been done. At the state line, on the Western New York and Pennsylvania railway, seven dwellings, together with their contents, and a large amount of lumber have been consumed. A lumber camp composed of seven dwellings at Oil Valley Junction was destroyed, together with thousands of dollars' worth of lumber. The fire may now be said to extend over the entire northern oil field of Pennsylvania.

Kane Threatened with Destruction.

KANE, Pa., June 4.—Never before has this place been threatened with so much destruction as yesterday. The forests have been on fire since Saturday, and all efforts to check the flames have proved unavailing. Yesterday afternoon the fire spread to West Kane, the heat being so intense that the fighters were driven back and the people began to desert their houses for places of safety. Every spring is dried up and the place is at the mercy of the flames. The fire is now raging in the oil field and has burned the oil well rigs owned by the Griffith Company. The Union Oil company has lost six rigs and three tanks of oil. James Campbell's sawmill and over a million feet of logs have been destroyed.

Forest Fires in Michigan.

PESCONNING, June 4.—Forest fires are raging badly near High Wood, Gladwin county, and a strong wind is driving them eastward.

WIND AND WATER WORK DEATH.

Disturbance in Texas—Five Known To Be Dead—Cyclone in Nebraska.

DALLAS, May 31.—A special to the News from San Angelo, tells of a disastrous cloudburst which occurred along the Johnson and Devil rivers. Five bodies have been recovered from "draws" which were flooded by the storm, and it is feared that a number of settlers in the valleys of the two rivers have perished.

CRAWMAN, Neb., May 31.—A cyclone one mile wide struck here and demolished everything in its path. The home of A. Baller was blown to pieces, fatally injuring Mrs. Baller and two children. The mother of the other two children were literally torn from their bodies by the force of the wind.

Deadly Heat at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 1.—Thursday was the hottest day Chicago had ever known in the month of May, but yesterday surpassed it. The mercury at 2 o'clock stood at 95 in the shade and this temperature was maintained until after the sun had gone down. A large number of prostrations were reported, among them being: W. F. Chitty, Bennett Jones, Alfred Keller, John Wasch, Charles Storch, Thomas Kearns and D. Wirmenski. The condition of the last five is serious.

Batch of Distilleries Let Loose.

CHICAGO, May 30.—Receiver McNulta has signed leases a dozen or more distilleries belonging to the old trust. In the organization of the trust plants were leased right and left in order to absorb all competitors. The plants discarded by the receiver are: P. H. Rice, Standard, Mayflower, St. Joseph, Dorsal and Wolftongo, Fayette Valley, Hogan Valley, Independence, Eagle mills, J. S. Miller, Great Eastern, Center, Meiner's, Hamilton, White Mills and Martin.

Another "Harmony" Dinner Proposed.

NEW YORK, June 1.—In Democratic circles there is talk of giving a dinner in honor of William C. Whitney, ex-secretary of the navy, who returned this week from a protracted visit to the Old World. The dinner, it is suggested, will take the form of a conference looking to a harmonizing of the factional differences that at present divide the Democratic party of this city.

Cleveland Baggage at Gray Gables.

BUZZARDS' BAY, Mass., June 4.—All of the baggage of President Cleveland's family has arrived at Gray Gables, accompanied by most of the servants and William Sinclair, the president's steward at the capital. The president's horses have also arrived.

MOURNING IN CHICAGO.

The City Sorrows for Her Lost Chieftain and His Comrades.

CHICAGO, May 30.—The expected arrival here this afternoon of the remains of the late Secretary Gresham cast a pall of sorrow over the ordinary Memorial Day exercises that intensified the feeling of all old soldiers and citizens alike. United States Marshal John W. Arnold were placed in charge of the local arrangements for the interment of the late Secretary Gresham. Colonel Corbin reached Chicago at 7 o'clock this morning, and the marshal and General Merritt met him on arrival and the programme was definitely arranged. It was decided that the entire garrison at Fort Sheridan, consisting of the Fifteenth infantry, four troops of cavalry and the battery of artillery should take part in the ceremonies. The cavalry and artillery left Fort Sheridan last night and marched into the city, arriving at Oakwoods cemetery early this morning. The infantry came in by train this morning.

Marshal Arnold and General Merrit had a conference with A. A. Sprague, the local representative of the Gresham family. They arranged with the undertaker to meet the funeral train with a state hearse, drawn by six black horses. The funeral train was switched to the tracks of the Illinois Central at Fordham. At Sixty-third street the remains were placed in the hearse, and the cortege moved from there to Oakwoods cemetery. The honorary pall-bearers, city officials, county judiciary, and Loyal Legion joined the escort. A meeting of judges of the United States courts and the local government officials selected a long list of honorary pall-bearers.

The list is as follows: Judges William A. Woods, James G. Jenkins, John W. Showalter, Romanso Bunn, William J. Allen, William H. Seaman, W. G. Ewing, Robert T. Tuthill; Marshall Field, J. Russell Jones, Thomas Dent, Edwin Walker, Charles H. Aldrich, General William B. Anderson, Captain William P. Black, General George W. Smith and James L. High. The Loyal Legion was requested to furnish active pall-bearers. At a special meeting of the city council appropriate resolutions on the death of Secretary Gresham were adopted and the council decided to attend the funeral in a body.

A special meeting of the Illinois commandery, Loyal Legion of the United States, of which the late Secretary Gresham was a commander, was held last night for the purpose of making arrangements to take part in the secretary's funeral. Following were appointed active pall-bearers: General William Sooy Smith, Captain Charles H. Slack, Captain H. R. Jackson, Colonel William L. Barnum, Captain James Duguid, Captain Myron H. Beach, General John McArthur, Major George L. Paddock, Captain Mason A. Read, Colonel Lemuel E. O. Gilman, Colonel George M. Guion and Captain James H. Ball.

HOOSIER; ROBBERS.

They Loot a Lake Shore Freight Train Near South Bend.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., June 4.—Freight train No. 11 on the Lake Shore road was held up between here and Michawaka. The train was a through merchandise train. When about half way between here and the suburbs the engineer was compelled at the point of a revolver to stop. Two persons watched him and the fireman until the rest of the gang ran through the valuable merchandise cars. Several cars were broken open and the stolen goods loaded into wagons brought by other members of the gang. In the meantime the train officers in the caboose started to ascertain the cause of delay, but did not get far before they were ordered to surrender.

The gang succeeded in removing several hundred dollars' worth of goods. The train was then allowed to depart. At an early hour this morning Detective Brobst brought five local characters to the city securely handcuffed together. It took him some time to explain how it happened that he was here at just the right time. Brobst says he was in a box car with some tramps, being in the guise of a tramp working on some case when the train was held up. He was an eye witness to nearly all of the proceedings.

He followed the wagons for about six miles when they finally drove into a dense swamp. Brobst followed on and in a short time the party arrived at their rendesvous, an old log house in the swamp. He captured the five without any trouble, and using one of their teams brought them to town. Brobst says he thinks there are about twenty in the gang and that they are home people. The goods have been brought in. Some new captures are expected.

PULLMAN WINS THE CASE.

Moloney's Quo Warranto Proceedings Fail in Court at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 3.—Some time ago Attorney General Moloney began a quo warranto suit against the Pullman company, alleging that its erection of a ten-story building in this city containing much more room than is needed for offices, which excess of room is rented; its sale of liquor on dining cars; its ownership of the town of Pullman; its ownership of stock in the Pullman Iron and Steel company and twenty-three acres of unused land, was in violation of its charter. The suit was begun during the excitement caused by the Pullman strike.

Judge Baker has decided the case. On every point except two he sustains the Pullman company, declaring that all its doings except the two mentioned above are in accordance with its charter. He rules, however, that the company must sell the twenty-three acres of land and the stock in the iron and steel company. The sale of liquor in dining cars is decided to be a desirable and necessary accommodation for the comfort and convenience of travelers. Judge Baker said the general rule is that a corporation may do all that is necessary in order to carry out the object for which it was chartered.

Olney Is To Be State Secretary.

CHICAGO, June 4.—The Inter Ocean has a special from Washington that says Attorney General Olney has been tendered and has accepted the portfolio of secretary of state.

Fighting Begins on Formosa.

HONG KONG, May 31.—Hostilities have commenced at Formosa. Private advices received here are to the effect that the Japanese are bombarding Kee Tung, a town in the extreme north of Formosa.

BUCKEYE REPUBLICANS.

They Meet at Zanesville and Nominate Bushnell for Governor.

ZANESVILLE, O., May 29.—Republican politicians are the principal inhabitants of this town just at present, for the most important state convention that party has ever held in the state is in session here.

It required six ballots to decide the nomination for governor, on that vote General Bushnell receiving 509; Nash, 201; Hoyt, 111; necessary for a choice, 414. The other candidates had been withdrawn or dropped during the balloting. President Woodmansee, Secretary Miller, and other officers of the Republican League of Ohio, together with ex-Governor Foraker, who was sitting on the stage at the time, telegraphed their congratulations to General Bushnell in Springfield. The nomination of Bushnell is a Foraker victory.

Ex-Secretary Charles Foster took the platform at midnight to read the resolutions, but the convention voted to give him leave to print, whereupon the convention adjourned for the day. The platform declares for protective tariff and reciprocity and on the money question for "'Honest money,' consisting of gold, silver and paper, every dollar of which shall be as good as any other dollar, and all backed by the national faith and honor." Bimetallism—the use of both gold and silver as standard—is demanded, either at an international ratio or under such restrictions as will maintain the parity of the metals, so that their purchasing and debt-paying power shall always be equal.

The rest of the document denounces the present administration for its revenue policy; for its foreign policy in Hawaii and Nicaragua; for its pension policy, and generally for everything it has done or left undone, and indorses McKinley's administration, the Nicaragua canal and Joseph B. Foraker for senator. It closes with a eulogistic indorsement of Governor McKinley for president and sympathy and condolence for the death of Secretary Gresham.

The state ticket nominated is as follows: For governor, Asa S. Bushnell; lieutenant governor, General A. W. Jones, of Youngstown; auditor, W. D. Guilbert; supreme judge, T. A. Minshall, of Chillicothe; supreme court clerk, J. B. Allen, Athens; attorney general, F. S. Monnett, Findlay; state treasurer, S. B. Campbell, Steubenville; board of public works, E. L. Lybarger, Coshocton.

LOSS OF THE COLIMA.

One of the Saved Tells How the Ship and Her People Went Down.

CITY OF MEXICO, June 3.—Of all the passengers and crew of the ill-fated Colima at this writing but twenty-seven are known to have been saved. This is authoritative. They were all picked up from pieces of wreckage or rafts, and many were badly bruised. The vessel went down in a storm that threw her on her beam ends, and then before any one could take measures for safety overwhelmed her and down she went. All the women and children went down with her, and their bodies strewed the ocean round about and were seen by scores by those fortunate enough to have gotten hold of something that would keep them afloat.

This is the story of John M. Thornton, one of the saved. He lost a wife and sister-in-law in the wreck, and with a sailor managed to get on a raft which they made themselves. They floated toward shore, but just before reaching land were picked up by the San Juan, having been in the water and on the raft twenty-two hours. It is stated by some of the saved that the vessel had a heavy deck load of lumber which shifted and listed her hours before she went over on her beam ends, but it seems that no effort was made to jettison the lumber. From advices at hand it would seem that the vessel might have been saved if this had been done. The exact number of lost is not known, but is stated at from 150 to 180.

SPORT ROTTEN TO THE CORE.

Even the Chicago Road Race Wallows in a Black Scandal.

CHICAGO, June 1.—Bicycledom is "all tore up" here. It seems that the wheelmen's road race was as full of rottenness as a bad egg. The hysterical sporting reporter declares that this annual event has fallen from perhaps a rank as the "greatest cycling event on the globe to a place possibly a degree less disgraced than Oscar Wilde," and the two-wheeled crank is either disconsolate or in the spoiled soup.

The trouble is that according to sworn statements the road race has "gone to the bad;" that it has reached a depth of cussedness that will leave for years a bad odor on every event in "cyclism" here where simple honor and manhood have to be depended upon. The facts as stated are that scores of the 400 who took part deliberately threw away all consideration of honor and "shirked" the course—didn't go the full round—coming in and claiming places that they had no right to. Protests have been made even against Fairmon and Emerson, the "first home" and time winners respectively.

Fairmon may pull through but Emerson, it is believed, will get left, as it is charged that he is one of those who failed to make the full course. Therefore the Chicago wheelman refuses to be comforted, and is wrath or covered with confusion.

Jockey Killed in a Race.

WASHINGTON June 2.—Several accidents occurred in the last race at the St. Asaph race track. Dick Corbley, a white jockey, who was riding Kirkover, was killed. He had been in the rear and suddenly commenced riding hard, and was overcoming his field rapidly when the horse went down. Two horses immediately behind fell over Corbley's horse. The boy probably struck one of the fence rails, as an ugly gash had been cut in his head and his back was broken.

THE DEATH RECORD.

VALENTINE HOMMAN, old settler and prominent Mason of Desplaines, Ills.

Judge JESSIE JOHNSTON, first judge of Valparaiso, Ind.

ANDREW KILPATRICK, well known resident of Galena, Ills.

Colonel G. M. MITCHELL, well-known soldier and politician, at Charlestown, Ills.

Major JAMES W. BROCKWAY, ex-recorder of Cook county, at Chicago.

JEFFERSON MORRISON, old resident of Grand Rapids, Mich.

A. R. FREDERMAN, prominent newspaper man, at Duluth, Minn.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF HAPPENINGS OF NOTE.

Work of the State Lawmakers at Springfield—Bills and Resolutions Introduced, Etc.—Other State Items of General Interest to Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, May 30.—The senate refused to adjourn over Memorial Day after a long discussion. A committee of sixteen senators and representatives was appointed on a joint resolution to attend the funeral of Secretary Gresham. Nominations to various state institution positions were received from the governor. The vote by which the bill to regulate street franchises for gas companies, etc., was defeated was reconsidered, but nothing further was done with it. Some few bills were advanced. The house passed bills: Requiring railways to maintain stations in all places of 200 inhabitants; prohibiting the use of clock, tape or slot machines; appropriating $235,000 to improve the state fair grounds; to pension school teachers.

SPRINGFIELD, June 1.—The state senate refused Wednesday to adjourn over Memorial Day, but it seems that "tired feeling" got the better of the senators and they held a perfunctory session and adjourned to this evening. The house held no meeting Memorial Day. Yesterday the calendar was cleared of all appropriation bills on first reading and the bill to tax legacies and inheritances was advanced to the order of passage. The Torrn's abstract bill was discussed and amended until an amendment was reached that the friends of the bill said struck at the heart of the measure. On the vote there was no quorum and the opponents of the amendment filibustered. Adjournment was proposed, but the speaker said he would stay in the chair while the members went to dinner in hope that they might agree. Upon reassembly the bill was made special order for Tuesday next. Little other business was done and the house adjourned to Monday afternoon.

SPRINGFIELD, June 4.—The house spent most of its time advancing senate and house bills, but concluded the session with a spirited debate on the senate bill amending the pharmacy law. The bill was finally passed to second reading.

Two More Counties for Free Silver.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., May 30.—The McLean county Democratic convention selected fifteen delegates to the Springfield convention instructed to use their influence for the free coinage of both metals at 16-to-1

DUNTIAC, Ills., May 31.—The Democrats of Livingston county chose delegates to the silver convention. The resolutions demand the restoration of silver to free and unlimited coinage at 16-to-1.

Was Too Much Given to Marrying.

QUINCY, Ills., June 3.—A jury has sent Mrs. John A. Grimmer to the Chester penitentiary for one year for bigamy. She first married Dr. Hugo Bank, now of Chicago, and when he went to Arizona ten years ago married Grimmer a few months later, although Banks sent money all the time. Bank came back recently and was amazed to find her married to another man.

Prominent Illinoisan Drops Dead.

CHARLESTOWN, Ills., June 1.—Colonel G. M. Mitchell, commander of the Fifty-fourth Illinois infantry during the war, warden of Chester penitentiary under Governor Oglesby, a former sheriff of Coles county and ex-postmaster of Charlestown, dropped dead from apoplexy. He had been a prominent politician all his life.

Burned to Death at Bowen, Ills.

QUINCY, May 31.—Fire in the business district of Bowen, twenty miles northeast of here, destroyed six buildings, including four stores, a carpenter shop, and a dwelling. Loss, $30,000. A carpenter named Samuel Stark, who lives at Mt. Sterling, ran into the shop to save his tools, the floor gave way, and he was burned to death.

Gold Men Were Not "In It."

DECATUR, Ills., June 3.—At the Macon county Democratic convention to select delegates to the state convention the free silver delegates outnumbered the gold standard men four to one. The convention was one of the largest and best attended ever held in the county. The delegates were instructed for free silver.

Cut to a Frightful Measure.

PANA, Ills., June 4.—John Beck, a young farmer, but Marshal Thomas Adams in a frightful manner at Herrick. Adams may die, and the citizens freely threaten lynching. Beck, it is said, has cut several other persons. Beck had insulted ladies on the street and resisted arrest.

Pioneer Illinois Man Dead.

QUINCY, Ills., May 31.—Joseph G. Barlow, one of Quincy's pioneer manufacturers and head of the Barlow Corn Planter works, is dead, aged 60 years. He was a great inventor and prominent in the manufacturing world and was a nephew of Stephen A. Douglass.

Death of an Illinois Editor's Wife.

HENRY, June 3.—Cornelia Anna, wife of George Burt, editor of the Henry Republican, died here in the 61th year of her age. Her disease was heart complaint. A husband and a daughter and son survive.

Notes of the State.

At Stillman Valley, Ills., seventeen houses were entered by burglars and a great amount of money, watches and silver ware taken. More than half the residents of the town are sufferers. There is no clew to the thieves.

Peter D. Peterson of Evington, Ills., has been taken to the Kankakee insane asylum, a jury before Judge Starr declaring him insane. Religion is supposed to be the reason of the unbalancing of his mind, as he is imagining himself to be a minister.

Douglass Henderson and Frank Jeffrey were hanged at Murphysboro, Ills., for the murder of James Towle at Carterville, Ills., last winter.

Frank Maniaka of South Chicago was overcome by gas while working about the boiler room of the Illinois Steel company. He could not be revived.

The Springfield Monitor says that the wheat, oats and hay crops in central Illinois will be failures, and that the harvest will scarcely pay the cost of putting in these crops. There is a fine stand of corn, but it needs rain.

ANOTHER COLLISION ON THE LAKE.

Two Steamers Come Together in a Fog and Three Persons Are Drowned.

ALPENA, Mich., June 1.—The big steel steamer Norman and the Canadian steamer Jack collided on Lake Huron off Middle island in a dense fog at 1 o'clock in the morning. The Norman went to the bottom within two minutes, carrying with her the following: Mrs. Reynolds, of Bay City, wife of the steward; Nels Bernstene, watchman; Toney ——, deckhand, shipped at Ashtabula. The Jack filled, and would have also sunk had it not been for her cargo of lumber, which kept her afloat.

The survivors were picked up by the steamer Sloken and brought here. Captain Stratton, of the Norman, said: "We sighted the Jack twenty minutes before the accident. She was then off our port bow. I gave the Jack a signal of one whistle, which she answered. She then disappeared. When I sighted her again she was very close. I then gave one blast of the whistle, but this time the Jack answered with two blasts. I immediately put the Norman hard aport and thought the Jack would pass all right. Immediately after she loomed up close under our port bow, showing her green light. I heard her captain give the order to put her hard a starboard. Then she struck up amidship with the horrible crash."

The Norman was an 1,870 ton vessel and worth $160,000. It is feared that the cargo of the Jack will become so watersoaked that she will go down before she can be found.

DEBS ISSUES A CIRCULAR.

Reviews the Pullman Strike and Defends His Action.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., June 4.—Eugene V. Debs has issued an official circular to the local unions of the American Railway union. In it he scores Judge Woods. He reviews the Pullman strike and defends the action of the order. The General Managers' association is referred to as the Nero of the strike, glorying in conflagration and death rather than permit the efforts of famishing men, women and children to succeed. He pictures Judge Woods as one who carries out the Russian practice of denying trial by jury. He says that it has come to the point in the United States that the law of injunction is the will of a despot, and by the exercise of this Russian power American Railway union officials go to prison, and the hope is that by the exercise of this power the American Railway union will be crushed. He calls upon members of the order to stand by it. The men who suffer imprisonment for acts in the strike he predicts will yet be monumented.

Disposed of Seminary Control.

PITTSBURG, May 30.—At the United Presbyterian assembly the question of seminary control was finally disposed of. The majority report proposed that the general assembly have the veto power and also the authority to remove professors from the seminaries for unsoundness in the faith. The minority report was the same except that it stipulated that professors should not be removed without first being given a trial. A resolution was passed embodying these propositions. It also provides for the appointment of a committee to negotiate with the synods having control of the theological seminaries with a view to the adjustment of any apparent or alleged discrepancies between their action and their chartered rights. The assembly finished its business and adjourned sine die last night.

Lake Bursts Its Banks.

DENVER, June 3.—A special to The News from McCook, Neb., says: As a result of a heavy rain Curtis lake burst its banks at the place where the Burlington railroad tracks cross the embankment of the lake, and a heavy body of water is now running down the Medicine valley towards the Republican river. A number of freight cars on the track were precipitated into the Medicine valley below and the fine Curtis roller mill is in danger of being destroyed.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, June 3.

Money on call easy at 1@1½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@3½ per cent. Sterling exchange strong, higher, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¼@488 for demand and 487¾@488 for sixty days; posted rates 486@488½ and 488@489½; commercial bills, 485¾@487.

Silver certificates 57@57½; no sales; bar silver, 57¾. Mexican dollars 48.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg., 128¾; do coupons, 129¾; 5's reg., 113; 5's coupons, 114; 4's reg., 111½; 4's coupons, 113¼; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of 95, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, June 3.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat — June, opened 76½c, closed 77¾c; July, opened 70½c, closed 73½c; September, opened 70¾c, closed 72¾c. Corn—June, nominal, closed 31½c; July, opened 32¾c, closed 33½c; September, opened 33¾c, closed 33¾c. Oats—June, opened 20¾c, closed 20¾c; July, opened 20½c, closed 20½c; September, opened 20½c, closed 20¾c. Pork — June, nominal, closed $12.50; July, opened $12.32½, closed $12.60. Lard—June, nominal, closed $6.87½.

Produce: Butter—Creamery, 17@20 per lb; extra dairy, 15@16c; fresh packing stock, 8@9. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11½ per doz. Live Poultry—Chickens, 6@6½c per lb; turkeys, 7@9c; ducks, 9c; geese, $3.00@3.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, fair to good, 50@55c per bushel; Hebrons, 47@50c; Peerless, 45@50c; mixed, 40@45c. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.25@3.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 14@15c sections; new stock, 12½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 9c; strained California, 8@9c. Strawberries—Illinois, $1.25@3.00 per 24-qt case; Michigan, $1.60@1.75 per 16-qt case.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 23,000; sales ranged at $3.60@4.10 pigs, $4.35@4.60 light, $4.35@4.50 rough packing, $4.45@4.70 mixed, and $4.55@4.75 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle — Estimated receipts for the day, 12,000; quotations ranged at $3.85@4.10 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.35@3.80 good to choice do, $4.70@5.10 fair to good, $4.30@4.85 common to medium do, $4.00@4.40 butchers' steers, $2.70@3.65 stockers, $3.75@4.80 feeders, $2.00@4.20 cows, $2.65@4.80 heifers, $2.25@4.30 bulls, $2.10@3.85 Texas steers, and $3.50@5.15 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 8,000; sales ranged at $4.25@4.75 westerns, $2.25@4.25 Texans, $4.80@4.90 natives, and $3.50@5.00 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, June 3.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 73½c; No. 1 Northern, 84c; July, 80c. Corn—No. 3, 34c. Oats—No. 2 white 21½; No. 3, 21@21½c. Barley—No. 2, 49½c; sample, 49½@50c. Rye—No. 1, 60c.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, June 3.

Wheat—Cash, and June, 69½c; July, 61½c; August, 63½; September, 64c; No. 2 soft, nominal. Corn—Cash, 31½c; July, 31½c. Oats—July, 21½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, May 29.

Rumors that Marti, the Cuban rebel, was not killed have been set at rest by the exhibition of his body at Santiago.

The body of an American, literally cut to pieces, was found at Juarez, Mexico. He had evidently been murdered by robbers.

The Chicago Daily Chronicle, a morning paper, proposes to supply the Democrats of Chicago with straight Democratic doctrine, and the party with an organ, which it has been without since The Times was absorbed by The Herald.

Because the governor "might have commuted the sentence" of a murderer who was to be legally hanged June 7 at Ellicott City, Md., the mob swung him up. No resistance was made by the officials. The victim was a negro.

Thursday, May 30.

The Iron River House at Iron River, Wis., burned and John Goly, a laborer, was burned to death, being suffocated by the smoke.

A monument 8 feet square at the base and 25 feet high will be unveiled at Ashtabula, O., today. The monument is dedicated to the unrecognized dead of the Ashtabula bridge disaster.

Obituary: At Assumption, Ills., Mrs. Belle Hight, 45. At Hanover, Ills., Andrew Kilpatrick, 94.

Wheat went up to 83¾ cents on the Chicago board of trade, but later lost the advance.

Phillip S. Doeppenschmidt, trusted cashier of Bensinger Bros., Chicago, robbed his employers for years, and when found out shot himself dead.

A report from Santiago says that General Maximo Gomez, the Cuban leader, has died of wounds received in the battle of Dos Rios.

Friday, May 31.

While Fred Burg, a painter, was painting in the elevator shaft in the Conneslman building, Chicago, he was crushed between the elevator and the cage. The body then fell from the eighth floor to the basement.

Governor Morton has signed the bill passed by the New York legislature requiring barber shops in all parts of the state, except Saratoga and New York, to be closed on Sunday.

Seventeen-year locusts have made their appearance in the vicinity of Des Moines.

The Atlantic express struck a defective switch near Reno, Nev., while running rapidly. The engine, mail, express baggage and smoker cars were ditched. A tramp named Hickey, supposed to be an escaped prisoner from Oakland jail, was crushed to pulp.

Proprietors of the leading department stores of New York have been indicted for selling "fake" silverware.

Lewis Hall, an electrician, of Marshalltown, Ia., shot his wife through the head. Five hours later she died. Hall claims that he mistook her for a burglar, but willful murder is suspected.

Saturday, June 1.

Fire destroyed the plant of the Hodge Tobacco company and that of William Elliott, at Henderson, Ky. Loss, $150,000; insured.

Seventy-seven members of the Chicago police force were let out by the second reorganization order of the new chief, Badenoch. Sixty of the unfortunates were detectives.

The wife of Baron de Grimm, the artist, shot herself at New York. She had been suffering from queer delusions for some time.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, the Chicago prima donna, is ill with pneumonia at Philadelphia.

The news from Cuba via Havana continues to tell of insurgent bands being routed and dispersed. The news from Cuba via Florida is as full of frightful slaughters of the Spanish troops by the Cuban rebels.

Monday, June 3.

Nine men lost their lives in the Fifeshire main colliery near Edinburg, Scotland, in an attempt to quench flames in the mine.

The report comes from Washington that Mrs. Gresham will permanently reside at Chicago with her children.

Zimmerman the great—bicyclist—has declined to make a match with J. S. Johnson twenty miles for the world's championship.

George M. Gray, general ticket agent of the Pullman company and one of the best known railroad men in the country, is dead at Chicago.

Conductor Lemay and John Grosse, laborer, were fatally hurt in a street railway smashup at Montreal. Five other persons sustained severe injuries.

The steamer Jack, which was in collision with the Norman, is sunk at False Presque Isle.

Tuesday, June 4.

Emily Faithfull, whose death is announced, was a pioneer in the advocacy of wider field and more remunerative employment for women. She interested Queen Victoria in the matter and obtained her approval generally, and particularly for a printing office she established in which the compositors were all women.

Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, has been deposed by the pope and the Most Rev. John J. Kain has been appointed in his stead. Kendrick for some time has been incapable, on account of the infirmities of age, of managing the business of the archdiocese.

Danbury, Conn., young women have formed an association agreeing not to marry men who drink.

Distress in the Stomach

"I had trouble with my stomach for a long time and could not get anything that would do me any good. Last February I had

Inflammation

of the stomach, and was so bad for a week, that even light food would cause

Great Distress

and vomiting. The doctor's medicine did me no good and so I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. E. Champlin

When I had taken two bottles I could eat anything without having the least bit of distress. I have only taken five bottles and my general health is much better." MRS. CHAMPLIN, Groton City, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills should be in every household.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XX.

They were having a family conclave at Sablon. The furlough granted Sergeant McLeod on account of wound received in action with hostile Indians would soon expire, and the question was, Should he ask an extension, apply for a discharge or go back and rejoin his troop? It was a matter on which there was much diversity of opinion. Mrs. Maynard should naturally be permitted first choice, and to her wish there was every reason for according deep and tender consideration. No words can tell of the rapture of that reunion with her long lost son. It was a scene over which the colonel could never ponder without deep emotion. The telegrams and letters by which he carefully prepared her for Frederick's coming were all insufficient. She knew well that her boy must have greatly changed and matured, but when this tall, bronzed, bearded, stalwart man sprang from the old red omnibus and threw his one serviceable arm around her trembling form the mother was utterly overcome.

Alice left them alone together a full hour before even she intruded, and little by little, as the days went by and Mrs. Maynard realized that it was really her Fred who was whistling about the cottage or booming trooper songs in his great basso profundo and glorying in his regiment and the cavalry life he had led a wonderful content and joy shone in her handsome face. It was not until the colonel announced that it was about time for them to think of going back to Sibley that the cloud came. Fred said he couldn't go.

In fact, the colonel himself had been worrying a little over it. As Fred Renwick, the tall, distinguished young man in civilian costume, he would be welcome anywhere; but, though his garb was that of the sovereign citizen so long as his furlough lasted, there were but two weeks more of it left, and officially he was nothing more nor less than Sergeant McLeod, Troop B, ——th cavalry, and there was no precedent for a colonel's entertaining as an honored guest and social equal one of the enlisted men of the army. He rather hoped that Fred would yield to his mother's entreaties and apply for a discharge. His wound and the latent trouble with his heart would probably render it an easy matter to obtain, and yet he was ashamed of himself for the feeling.

Then there was Alice. It was hardly to be supposed that so very high bred a young woman would relish the idea of being seen around Fort Sibley on the arm of her brother, the sergeant; but, wonderful to relate, Miss Alice took a radically different view of the whole situation. So far from wishing Fred out of the army, she importuned him day after day until he got out his best uniform, with its resplendent chevrons and stripes of vivid yellow and the yellow helmet cords, though they were but humble worsted, and when he came forth in that dress, with the bronze medal on his left breast and the sharpshooter's silver cross, his tall, athletic figure showing to such advantage, his dark, southern, manly features so enhanced by contrast with his yellow facings, she clapped her hands with a cry of delight and sprang into his one available arm and threw her own about his neck and kissed him again and again.

Even mamma had to admit he looked astonishingly well, but Alice declared she would never thereafter be reconciled to seeing him in anything but a cavalry uniform. The colonel found her not at all of her mother's way of thinking. She saw no reason why Fred should leave the service. Other sergeants had won their commissions every year. Why not he? Even if it were some time in coming, was there shame or degradation in being a cavalry sergeant? Not a bit of it! Fred himself was loath to quit. He was getting a little homesick, too—homesick for the boundless life and space and air of the broad frontier, homesick for the rapid movement and vigorous hours in the saddle and on the scout. His arm was healing, and such a delight of a letter had come from his captain, telling him that the adjutant had just been to see him about the new staff of the regiment. The gallant sergeant major, a young Prussian of marked ability, had been killed early in the campaign. The vacancy must soon be filled, and the colonel and the adjutant both thought at once of Sergeant McLeod. "I won't stand in your way, sergeant," wrote his troop commander, "but you know that old Ryan is to be discharged at the end of his sixth enlistment, the 10th of next month. There is no man I would sooner see in his place as first sergeant of my troop than yourself, and I hate to lose you. But, as it will be for the gain and the good of the whole regiment, you ought to accept the adjutant's offer. All the men rejoice to hear you are recovering so fast, and all will be glad to see Sergeant McLeod back again."

Even Mrs. Maynard could not but see the pride and comfort this letter gave her son. Her own longing was to have him established in some business in the east, but he said frankly he had no taste for it and would only pine for the old life in the saddle. There were other reasons, too, said he, why he felt that he could not go back to New York, and his voice trembled, and Mrs. Maynard said no more. It was the sole allusion he had made to the old, old sorrow, but it was plain that the recovery was incomplete.

The colonel and the doctor at Sibley believed that Fred could be carried past the medical board by a little management, and everything began to look as though he would have his way. All they were waiting for, said the colonel, was to hear from Armitage. He was still at Fort Russell with the headquarters and several troops of the ——th cavalry. His wound was too severe for him to travel farther for weeks to come, but he could write, and he had been consulted. They were sitting under the broad piazza at Sablon, looking out at the lovely, placid lake and talking it over among themselves.

"I have always leaned on Armitage ever since I first came to the regiment and found him adjutant," said the colonel. "I always found his judgment clear, but since our last experience I have begun to look upon him as infallible."

Alice Renwick's face took on a flood of crimson as she sat there by her brother's side, silent and attentive. Only within the week that followed their return—the colonel's and her brother's—had the story of the strange complication been revealed to them. Twice had she heard from Fred's lips the story of Frank Armitage's greeting that frosty morning at the springs. Time and again had she made her mother go over the colonel's account of the confidence and faith he had expressed in there being a simple explanation of the whole mystery and of his indignant refusal to attach one moment's suspicion to her. Shocked, stunned, outraged as she felt at the mere fact that such a story had gained an instant's credence in garrison circles, she was overwhelmed by the weight of circumstantial evidence that had been arrayed against her.

Only little by little did her mother reveal it to her. Only after several days did Fred repeat the story of his night adventure and his theft of her picture, of his narrow escape and of his subsequent visit to the cottage. Only gradually had her mother revealed to her the circumstances of Jerrold's wager with Sloat and the direful consequences, of his double absences the very nights on which Fred had made his visits, of the suspicions that resulted, the accusations and his refusal to explain and clear her name. Mrs. Maynard felt vaguely relieved to see how slight an impression the young man had made on her daughter's heart. Alice seemed but little surprised to hear of the engagement to Nina Beaubien, of her rush to his rescue and their romantic parting. The tragedy of his death hushed all further talk on that subject. There was one of which she could not hear enough, and that was about the man who had been most instrumental in the rescue of her name and honor. Alice had only tender sorrow and no reproach for her stepfather when, after her mother told her the story of his sad experience 20 years before, she related his distress of mind and suspicion when he read Jerrold's letter. It was then that Alice said, "And against that piece of evidence no man, I suppose, would hold me guiltless?"

"You are wrong, dear," was her mother's answer. "It was powerless to move Captain Armitage. He scouted the idea of your guilt from the moment he set eyes on you and never rested until he had overturned the last atom of evidence. Even I had to explain," said her mother, "simply to confirm his theory of the light Captain Chester had seen and the shadows and the form at the window. It was just exactly as Armitage reasoned it out. I was wretched and wakeful, sleeping but fitfully that night. I arose and took some bromide about 3 o'clock and soon afterward heard a fall or a noise like one. I thought of you and got up and went in your room, and all was quiet there, but it seemed close and warm, so I raised your shade and then left both your door and mine open and went back to bed.

"I dozed away presently and then woke feeling all startled again, don't you know—the sensation one experiences when aroused from sleep, certain that there has been a strange and startling noise, and yet unable to tell what it was? I lay still a moment, but the colonel slept through it all, and I wondered at it. I knew there had been a shot or something, but could not bear to disturb him. At last I got up again and went to your room to be sure you were all right, and you were sleeping soundly still, but a breeze was beginning to blow and flap your shade to and fro, so I drew it and went out, taking my lamp with me this time and softly closing your door behind me. See how it all seemed to fit in with everything else that had happened. It took a man with a will of his own and an unshaken faith in woman to stand firm against such evidence."

And, though Alice Renwick was silent, she appreciated the fact none the less. Day after day she clung to her stalwart brother's side. She had ceased to ask questions about Captain Armitage and that strange greeting after the first day or two; but, oddly enough, she could never let him talk long of any subject but that campaign, of his ride with the captain to the front, of the long talk they had had, and then the stirring fight and the magnificent way in which Armitage had handled his long skirmish line. He was enthusiastic in his praise of the tall Saxon captain. He soon noted how silent and absorbed she sat when he was the theme of discourse. He incidentally mentioned little things "he" had said about "her" that morning and marked how her color rose and her eyes flashed quick, joyful, questioning glances at his face, then fell in maiden shyness. He had speedily gauged the cause of that strange excitement displayed by Armitage at seeing him the morning he rode in with the scout. Now he was gauging with infinite delight the other side of the question. Then, brotherlike, he began to twit and tease her, and that was the last of the confidences.

All the same it was an easy group that surrounded the colonel the evening he came down with the captain's letter. "It settles the thing in my mind. We'll go back to Sibley tomorrow, and as for you, Sergeant Major Fred, your name has gone in for a commission, and I've no doubt a very deserving sergeant will be spoiled in making a very good for nothing second lieutenant. Get you back to your regiment, sir, and call on Captain Armitage as soon as you reach Fort Russell and tell him you are much obliged. He has been blowing your trumpet for you there, and as some of those cavalrymen have sense enough to appreciate the opinion of such a soldier as my ex-adjutant—some of them, mind you; I don't admit that all cavalrymen have sense enough to keep them out of perpetual trouble—you came in for a hearty indorsement, and you'll probably be up before the next board for examination. Go and bone your constitution and the rule of three, and who was the father of Zebedee's children, and the order of the Ptolemies and the Solenoids, and other such things that they'll be sure to ask you as indispensable to the mental outfit of an Indian fighter." It was evident that the colonel was in joyous mood, but Alice was silent. She wanted to hear the letter. He would have handed it to Frederick, but both Mrs. Maynard and Aunt Grace clamored to hear it read aloud, so he cleared his throat and began:

"Fred's chances for a commission are good, as the inclosed papers will show you, but even were this not the case I would have but one thing to say in answer to your letter—he should go back to his troop.

"Whatever our friends and fellow citizens may think on the subject, I hold that the profession of the soldier is to the full as honorable as any in civil life, and it is liable at any moment to be more useful. I do not mean the officer alone. I say and mean the soldier. As for me, I would rather be first sergeant of my troop or company or sergeant major of my regiment than any lieutenant in it except the adjutant. Hope of promotion is all that can make a subaltern's life endurable, but the staff sergeant or the first sergeant, honored and respected by his officers, decorated for bravery by congress and looked up to by his comrades, is a king among men. The pay has nothing to do with it. I say to Renwick, 'Come back as soon as your wound will let you,' and I envy him the welcome that will be his.

"As for me, I am even more eager to get back to you all, but things look very dubious. The doctors shake their heads at anything under a month and say I'll be lucky if I eat my Thanksgiving dinner with you. If trying to get well is going to help, October shall not be done with before B company will report me present again.

"I need not tell you, my dear old friend, how I rejoice with you in your—hum and haw and this is all about something else," goes on the colonel in malignant disregard of the longing looks in the eyes of three women, all of whom are eager to hear the rest of it, and one of whom wouldn't say so for worlds. "Write to me often. Remember me warmly to the ladies of your household. I fear Miss Alice would despise this wild, open prairie country. There is no goldenrod here, and I so often see her as—hum and hum, and all that sort of talk of no interest to anybody," says he, with a quizzical look over his "bows" at the lovely face and form bending forward with forgetful eagerness to hear how "he so often sees her." And there is a great bunch of goldenrod in her lap now and a vivid blush on her cheek. The colonel is waxing as frivolous as Fred and quite as great a tease.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DOOMED SKATER.

We had cast our lot, my twin brother and myself, in the roughest township of upper Canada. Twenty years are in their graves since then—20 years rung out and rung in by the clang of the woodman's ax—and still that township lies in the heart of its primeval forest. Clotted woods overhang the solitary village, composed of a few log huts, nightly drenched as with a death sweat from the malaria of the swamp. But we came, young and impressionable, from the old country on a venturous quest after fortune, and the disheveled wilderness of thicket had its charms for us.

A river reft the huge tangle of the woods with its dark, sluggish waters, which crept and oozed in among decaying trees on either side. Banks there were none, and the bleached skeletons of the rotten trees alone marked off the channel of the river from the dark fen, fetid with myriad impurities. Such was the aspect of the melancholy Scugog. Our village was by no means a large one. The scattered huts which made it up had been knocked together by a sprinkling of hardy pioneers on a solitary bluff which repelled the river from its base and gave the fearless settlers some ground of vantage over the surrounding swamp. There was not, however, much cleared ground—nay, very little. Everywhere we were hemmed in by battalion after battalion of monotonous trees. As for our fellow settlers, we found them of a piece with the country—rough and hardy, as they had need to be who 20 years ago colonized the Scugog.

We were twins, Jack and I, but otherwise unlike. He was a fine fellow. I acknowledged his supremacy and rejoiced in his bold, free spirits. From his childhood he had been the most impulsive creature that ever pointed a moral for headlong youth. Ever in scrapes and difficulties, but never to his dishonor, Jack fought one-half his acquaintances into loving him, which the rest did of their own free will, and my heart still warms involuntarily toward the wild, impulsive boy, with his headstrong soul all agog for mischief.

I confess I was somewhat dismayed by the aspect of our new country. Fresh from the sunny lanes of Kent and the loved circle at home, could it be otherwise? But as for Jack, he was in raptures with everything that disquieted me. Nothing was more charmingly romantic than our hut on the bluff and no river could equal the brown, melancholy Scugog.

We did not settle down to the regulation life of the settler all at once. We determined to sip the nectar of life on the Scugog, if indeed there was any of that ambrosial draft to be drained in the township. The fascination of the swift canoe kept us almost constantly on the dark, mysterious river, and, in truth, there was scarcely any other outlet from our dwelling save on its waters. By day we fished, and we shot from our frail skiffs, and by night, when the moon was up, we would paddle them in her silvery wake.

I have said that a few rough settlers formed our society on the Scugog. Among them were some half breeds—a species of degenerate Indian—who had sunk from the dignity of forest life to the servitude and buffeting of the white settlers. They were lazy, good for nothing fellows, except in the matter of fishing or shooting, wherein they were proficients. We found them useful in giving instruction in the canoe life of our river home. I preferred, for my own part, to go pretty much by myself on our water excursions. Jack, however, had no such idea of placid enjoyment, and speedily leaving me to my aquatic reveries he hired a hang dog looking scoundrel named Olier to assist him in the management of his canoe. I am no great disciple of Lavater, but I never liked that half breed. All these dregs of Indian nobility are sallow, blear eyed creatures, with a world of cunning, but this fellow was chief of them all for every repulsive trait. Of course Jack ridiculed my sentiments about his new servitor. He was a match, for half a dozen—20 fellows like Olier, he said, and it was all right, and I was not to bother my head about him.

It was getting late in the fall. The Indian summer—that beautiful dream of loveliness—had restored to us in evanescent beauty the glories of a Canadian autumn. The forests were as gay with color as a herald's tabard, and the air was yet balmy with the lingering sweetness of summer. One exquisite evening, born of one of these lovely days, I was listlessly smoking as I lay on the top of the bluff, vacantly sketching home landscapes in the dark Scugog rolling beneath. A canoe shot round the bend of the river below the village. It was paddled by a solitary figure, who turned out to be Jack. I knew he had gone down the Scugog to fish along with Olier, but now no half breed squatted in the opposite end of the canoe. A vague dread rained upon me as Jack, running his little bark sheer up the bank, shouldered his paddle and marched up to me.

"How now, Jack? What have you done with your charming companion?" I inquired, disguising my conjectural fear.

"Gad! I don't know," replied my brother, sitting down oriental fashion beside me.

"Not know?"

"Not a bit," was his answer. "How should I be acquainted with all the ins and outs of that Rosamond's bower?" Here he indicated as much forest with his arms as would have made a few thousands of the bower in question.

"Oh, I perceive. He's gone tracking deer or something of that sort," said I, immensely relieved by Jack's manner. There was a slight pause. My fears returned. I felt there was something wrong.

"Well," said Jack, "I'll tell you. I don't see why there need be any secret about it. You were quite right about that Olier, you were. He's a good for nothing fellow and coolly refused this afternoon to paddle me when I wanted to go down the river a bit farther than usual."

"And you?"

"I ran the canoe upon a yard of bank—whether an island or not I cannot tell—gave the insolent rascal a good bastinado with the paddle and set him ashore."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, with horror. "Don't you know, Jack—haven't you sense enough to understand—that these Indian fellows are vindictive to the last degree; that they will never forget or forgive a blow?"

"Pooh!" said he, getting up quite merrily and marching homeward, saying over his shoulder: "Oh, don't you bother yourself! Olier will be down on his marrow bones tomorrow, see if he isn't. Besides, I owe him half a dollar."

Tomorrow came, unfruitful with the half breed's submission. The story got abroad among the huts, and the old settlers, who knew their man, shook their heads ominously and boded no good to my impulsive brother. However, two days passed harmlessly, during which Jack and I fished and shot together. Olier had not reappeared, and I began to breathe more freely. Doubtless he had left the district. He was an unsettled fellow, at any rate, and had no property or tie in the village to tempt his stay.

Twenty miles below the village the dark Scugog whitens into rapids and is hurled with gigantic power over a lofty precipice. I had often wished to see the falls, but it had been hitherto impossible to accomplish the distance by my single arm. At last my wish was to be gratified. A shooting party was made up by some of the villagers, and at my urgent request I was included. The arrangement was to spend a night at the falls, camping out on the bank, and return the following day. Instead of canoes we were to sail down in a large flat bottomed boat, termed in Canadian parlance a scow. Strange to say, Jack did not care about going, saying that he would enjoy himself more in his own canoe, and as we were already crowded for room we did not press him to change his resolution.

Our expedition had little in it noteworthy. The river for over 20 miles' sail remained the same monotonous, melancholy Scugog, never varying for the space of a hand. Not a vestige of clearance was there between our village and the falls, not a glimpse of bank. The trees lined the waters like a wall, and save the wild game no one ever tried to force a way through their close knit ranks, woofed at the base by a table of unwholesome verdure. This aspect I had stern reason for remembering. The only bright thing was the patch of cloudless blue sky seen at the extremity of this long reach of wood and water. Over all brooded the intensest silence. No bird trilled us a single song; all was still save for the lugubrious woodpecker, which, perched on a rotting tree, hammered its hollow sides with its beak. Tap, tap, tap! It was a most unearthly sound.

We had seen the stupendous falls in their lonely majesty and were steering homeward in our scow. As we neared the village again, distant only some five or six miles, the sun was sinking behind the tree horizon. A slight blue haze bathed the long reaches of the river with ineffable softness and beauty. We voyaged on a liquid field of cloth of gold. But ever and again, marring my intense perception of its loveliness, came the ghastly tap, tap, tap of the woodpecker. I could not resist a chilly sensation of horror as I listened to the measured cadence echoing through the solitude. It sounded like a coffin maker hammering at his dismal task. A relief suggested itself. Some of my companions were French Canadians and the evening before had cheered our bivouac with some gay refrains of sunny France. I asked them for a stave, but I said nothing about the woodpecker, whose note I wished them to drown. A strong chorus soon vanquished the bird of ill omen and rang up the vaulted river. I recollect the strain well. It was a favorite voyagers' ditty, sung to the dash of the oar.

Suddenly the song lulled, and again I shuddered as I heard the reverberating tap, tap of the ominous bird aloft on a spectral fir. My companions had ceased rowing, too, and called my attention to a canoe which was floating down the river a few yards ahead of us. They thought it was a break loose and stood by to strike a boat hook into it, with the prospect of a reward from the owner up at the village. It soon dropped down to us and came, like the note of that ghostly woodpecker, tapping against our skiff. There was a stifled cry of horror from the settler at the bow, and as we crowded forward to see what was the matter another cried out the awful tale of blood, "Here, young fellow, see your brother—stalked by Olier as sure's there's death in a rifle bullet!"

It was an awful end! My poor brother lay bent over his idle paddle in the canoe, weltering in his heart's blood. An avenging bullet had passed through his heart. Stalked by Olier! Fiendish Indian, that was thy work, and my brother's blood rested on thy head! I shall not now detail the agonies of that Indian summer. Through all my grief ran the thought of an exterminating vengeance. Vengeance? Nay, scant justice. I sought what has been law since the world began—blood for blood. It was vain in those early times of a judicial system in Canada to seek for a rigorous pursuit from the dispensers of legal justice. The criminal executive might be willing, but their arm was weak. Retribution in the trackless wild of wood and water where I dwelt could proceed only from my own steady purpose and solitary endeavor.

I could depend but for small aid on the settlers. Some of them indeed cursed the foul murder in no stinted speech, but others again imputed little crime to the blood stained redskin and even went so far as to justify his sneaking code of vengeance. Olier had left the district, but a certain instinct told me he would are long come back again. Likely enough he would suppose I could not long remain in a place to which such hateful memories clung, and then he might safely venture back. I waited my time. Safe he was in the tangled thicket, but to the end I knew that no covert under heaven would preserve him harmless from my wrath.

Winter set in, hard and white and cold. The river Scugog was a level road of ice. The trees were choked up with snow, and on each side of the ice bound river the forests towered like massive cliffs of chalky rock. No path could now be forced into the recesses of the forest below our village. Scarcely had winter settled down for his undisturbed reign when I heard whisperings that the villain half breed was again hovering on the outskirts of the settlement. It was told me that he was living in a kind of wigwam above the village, and also that he had more than once come to the very dwellings of the settlers by night to visit his friends and obtain various articles for his camp. I knew it would be vain to attempt to track him to his wigwam or, at all events, to surprise him. His woodcraft was much too deep to admit of such a possibility. But a strange, wild joy trembled through my being when I heard he came by night to the village. A terrible scheme of vengeance swept across my soul, and I felt, no matter how fiendish the spirit, that the doom of the half breed was fixed, and that I was to be his unrelenting executioner.

Night after night I lay concealed at the bluff awaiting the murderer. I was armed with pistols and wore skates. Skating was an amusement which I had excelled in when a schoolboy, and facility in the art was of the last importance to my scheme of retribution. At length he came. It was an exquisite night. The white expanse around sparkled in the sheen of a young Canadian moon which sailed calmly through a cloudless sky. I could have shot the villain as he skated by me within 50 yards, but I would not risk the chance, and besides my vengeance cried for a sterner fate than death by the pistol. No sooner was he past my hiding place, th with a shout of exultation, I star his track. Olier swerved a mo see who his pursuer was, then, quick as lightning, tried to double up the river again. But I had anticipated this, and with a cocked pistol in either hand I barred his passage. With a curse he turned and sped swiftly down the ice.

And now the race for life began. Mile after mile we swept along in silence. An awful, portentous silence it was, through which nothing broke save the hollow boom of the swift steel cutting its way over the imprisoned river. The moon lit me nobly to my vengeance. He could not escape me, for I found with savage glee that I was a match for the swift footed Indian. Olier soon became aware of this, too, for now and again he would skate close to the woods looking in vain for an aperture. But no; there was but one outlet from this walled in river, and that was over the falls!

Faster and faster yet we skated toward the cataract. It could not be far off. I pictured to myself what Olier's thoughts might be. Did he know whither he was hastening, or had that awful light yet to flash on his guilty mind? The half breed made answer to my thought. I saw him in the pale shimmer start convulsively and throw his arms in the air. But he dared not stop, and on he darted again with a yell of despair, which echoed weirdlike up the frozen channel. Another sound came to my ear, and I knew what had caused that cry of agony to burst from Olier; it was the dull thunder of the falls! We were nearing them fast. Still the walls of snow shut in my victim, and every moment lessened his frail hopes of escape. One chance was left him—to distance me and hide somewhere in the snow from my scrutiny. Vain hope; the wings of the bird could scarce have saved him!

Hoarser and louder grew the noise of the waters. If I thanked the Almighty in frantic prayer that the murderer was delivered into my hand, I humbly trust that it is forgiven me now. From the time I had first started on Olier's track we had maintained exactly the same distance between us—perhaps about 100 or 150 yards. I still grasped my loaded pistols ready for any stratagem on the part of the murderer.

And now the crash of the falls came loud and ominous on the ear. Another five minutes would decide the hunt. Suddenly Olier turned and stood at bay. He was not armed. I had felt certain of that all along, for otherwise he would have measured strength with me before. Without abating my pace, I skated down upon him, holding a leveled pistol in each hand. Still my purpose was as fixed as ever only to shoot the villain as a last resource. When I was within 20 yards of him, the coward faltered and again turned swiftly down the river. With a yelling laugh I pursued him, pressing still more hotly on his track.

Deafening was the roar of the cataract. High into the pale sky ascended the mist of its spray, through which the splintered lines of the moonlight darted in rainbow tinted beauty. I could see directly in front the jagged line of the ice where it was broken by the rapids immediately above the cataract, and beyond I could trace the dark volume of the Scugog as it emerged from its prison of snow and ice. For an instant the half breed turned his face toward me as I pressed, with concentrated hate, on his footsteps. Never shall I forget the horrible despair that distorted the villain's features. It was a mercy that the sullen roar of the falls drowned his curses—I knew he was shrieking curses on me—for they would have haunted me in after years.

With the courage which is begotten of the darkest despair, he dashed on to the brink of the rapids, and the next moment I was alone on the ice! I gazed with stern joy on the dark flood which had seized in its resistless hands the shedder of blood and was hurrying him over the falls. For a moment I thought I could perceive the murderer struggling in the eddies, but the illusion, if it was one, could live only for an instant. The cataract was within pistol shot, and as I turned back over the dreary wilderness of ice and snow I knew that the doom of the guilty skater had been fulfilled.
—Chambers' Journal.

Just Like a Man.

Mrs. Somebody, who lives in Thirteenth street, has an infant son who is just beginning to walk. Last week he fell down stairs, so his mother bought a gate to put at the top of the stairs. There is a little metal socket screwed to each side of the stairs, and the gate fits into these. It was put up one day—Wednesday, I think. It was Mr. Somebody's night at the lodge, and Mrs. Somebody remembered after he had left the house that he had not been told of the gate. She was so exercised for fear he would fall over it when he came in that she sat up for him. He was late, very late, and she was very tired. And yet when he did come, and realized how devotedly she had waited up in order to save him a tumble, what do you think the heartless man said?

"Why, my dear," said he, "why didn't you just lift the gate out?"

Wasn't that just like a man?—Washington Post.

The Banana.

Never cut a banana. According to Spanish superstition, it brings ill luck. In preparing always slice or jag it with a fork. Using the knife cuts through the cross, and in that land it is deemed a sacrilege. Besides it gives the fruit what the French call "taste of the knife."

Sheridan was a handsome young man, but in middle life dissipation destroyed every trace of his former good looks, and at first glance he seemed singularly re mulsive.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 8, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"A Gaiety Girl."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Closed—"Little Robinson Crusoe" June 8.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Cotton King."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Alladin, Jr."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Closed.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"The Birth of Venus."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We request subscribers in city and country to pay immediate attention to bills mailed to them from this office. By so doing they will save us a great deal of needless expense and trouble and themselves the annoyance of being repeatedly billed. Always remember the ancient Irish saying, "Short accounts make long (lasting) friends."

A CUCKOO HISTORIAN.

Mr. Standish O'Grady, one of those "d—d literary fellers," with an Irish name and a Saxon gizzard, who devotes his life to advertising the political crimes of his country, recently delivered a lecture in Dublin on "Elizabethan Ireland." The aim of this clever monster is to make it appear that most of the Irish of the Tudor times were "loyal" to the red-headed wanton, bastardized by her own "awful dad," Henry VIII, and gifted with the outer semblance of womanhood, thinly disguising the debasing passions of a debauched man. Of course we know—unfortunately we know—that there were Irish in Elizabeth's days, as in our own, who sold themselves body and soul to the foreigner for a little cash or a paltry job. We don't know whether Standish O'Grady's people, on the father's side, were of this pattern, but they must have intermarried with some who were. As was said of another Irishman—much better in every way than this blushless scribbler—there is far too much of the Standish and too little of the O'Grady in the man's make up. The degraded Irishman, who carries an Irish name, is a disgusting object from any point of view. He is, indeed, the ill bird that fouleth its own nest, and he ought to cover the stark nakedness of his Irish surname with a thick veil of Saxon patronymic.

O'Grady-Standish is a clever writer, and, therefore, all the worse from an Irish national standpoint, because he is quoted against his country and his people by the ever hostile British press. He delights in picking out great Irish leaders' faults which might well be allowed to rest in oblivion after three hundred years, and often, on very insufficient testimony, accuses those leaders of inconsistencies which tend to belittle their memories. There is some method in this kind of madness. Fortunately, O'Sullivan Beare and John Mitchel wrote before this degenerate O'Grady, and their histories are excellent antidotes to his insidious moral poison. Out on O'Grady! Here is an excerpt from his lecture: "The lecturer said though he was practised in writing, he was an unknown lecturer. In the time at his disposal he could not be expected to adequately describe the times of Elizabeth, but he would endeavor to bring before his audience the peculiarities which marked the characteristics of the time. Elizabeth, 'by the Grace of God, Queen,' was no state puppet, and he hoped the Irish people were proud of her. Many of them were her debtors, for she was the foundress of Trinity College. Her Serene Majesty was not serene always; in truth, she was a bit of a termagant, but with all her greatness she was essentially a woman, as witness the story of the Queen's toothache, as described in Miss Strickland's 'Lives of the Queens,' a story that brought the suffering Queen within the range of all their sympathies. 'The Queen had a royal toothache, and the imperial council met and debated upon this high matter. It was like a meeting of the Roman flamens met to consider a portent, such as the statue of Jupiter Optimus in the capitol had sneezed twice or broken into a sweat.' Elizabeth was always a sort of goddess, her cult deeper and more sincere than it was easy to imagine in our time. The Irish people do not regard Elizabeth with feelings of gratitude, but in her own time the Irish people, though wholly Catholic, had a very great regard for her." And much more of the same character.

Real Irish history—which O'Grady is morally incapable of writing—does not say the Irish people were grateful to Anne Boleyn's vicious daughter. On the contrary from the shadows of 300 years, she stands out an object of horror to Ireland. Our forefathers, mindful of her bloody reign in Ireland, and also of her red hair, called her the "collagh rhue" (red hag). There is a fish, with a kind of red beard, in the Connaught rivers that is called by that name, and has been for ages, in derision of the foul old creature. Some denationalized Irishmen would deify the devil's grandmother, not to speak of Elizabeth or Victoria, if she sat on the British throne. She established Trinity College, Dublin! Of course—for the Scotch and Saxon planters and their progeny, and also for the Queen's Irish. It was hardly as good an investment as Maynooth proved in after days—until the Fenians knocked the wind, including the oath of "loyalty" to Victoria, out of it—but it answered its original purpose only too well. In spite of its villainous origin and anti-Irish curriculum, some excellent Irishmen emerged from it, but most of them were hanged or otherwise put to death in 1798, and 1803, by the ministers and butchers of George III. Surely the Irish ought to be grateful to Elizabeth! Why not? Did she not exterminate the Munster Geraldines and reduce most of Ireland to "carcasses and ashes?" But O'Neill and O'Donnell walked over thousands of Saxon corpses, and the corpses of Queen's Irish as well, before she made a charnel house and desert of the land. Standish O'Grady is not even a skilful liar. He is too transparent, and why any Irishman, pretending to be national, should applaud his clumsy fiction passes our comprehension.

GLADSTONE A "BACK NUMBER."

Mr. F. M. Lahiff, a representative of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, while in England recently succeeded in obtaining an interview with Mr. Gladstone at his country residence. The old gentleman had nothing particularly new to communicate beyond saying that the Tories, if not opposed by the Liberal-Unionists (Chamberlain, Goschen & Co.) might bring in an Irish home rule bill of their own. He also seemed anxious to know American opinion on the question of Irish faction, and personally deplored the spirit of division in the Irish home rule ranks. Mr. Gladstone professed his ardor in the Irish movement to be unabated, and more to the same effect.

Mr. Lahiff is to be congratulated on his enterprise, but, as Gladstone is out of politics, the opinions of that venerable party cut little figure in practical statesmanship. Nobody is more to blame for the factious condition of the Home Rule Irish party than he is himself. Had he severely minded his own business and not written that treacherous letter to Morley, Parnell would not have been deposed by his small-brained, weak-kneed followers, and home rule, in some form, might now be an accomplished fact. Mr. Gladstone, in the moment of crisis, used the "non-conformist conscience" as a club with which to beat down his formidable Irish rival, and, aided by ungrateful Irish hands, he succeeded in his purpose. Gladstone got even with Parnell for the Whig defeat of 1885, and for the humiliation imposed upon himself in forcing his hand on the home rule question, the succeeding year.

As to American opinion on the Irish faction fight, it is easy to state it. The non-Irish-Americans have become totally indifferent, and the Irish-Americans profoundly disgusted. Besides, all sensible American citizens begin to lose faith in political agitation as regards the Anglo-Irish question. It has been tried to satiety and found grossly wanting. Both factions of the Irish party are odious to earnest men, but the McCarthyite faction a little more so than its rival.

Many editors of so-called Irish newspapers printed in this country profess to believe in parliamentary methods, for the achievement of Irish independence, but they are manifestly half-hearted or altogether insincere. They think it policy to affect a confidence in agitation that they really do not feel. Several of the so-called Catholic organs in Ireland, Canada, Australia and the United States are even worse. Many of the editors were born out of Ireland and know very little about the Irish cause from the standpoint of personal observation. Under such circumstances, the wise thing would be not to touch the subject, editorially at least. Some of the articles put forth by this class of editors are fearfully and wonderfully constructed, generally abounding in fulsome flattery of Gladstone and other English political "philanthropists." They never teach a sentiment that would make the Irish people, either at home or abroad, self-respecting and self-reliant. Their stock in trade is the moth-eaten buncombe of the O'Connell period—"Hurrah for the Queen. God bless her! The Union Jack and an office in the excise or in India." We regret to observe in both the Irish and Catholic presses in Ireland a strong tendency toward the policy embodied in the foregoing shibboleth. About half a dozen papers, daily and weekly, in all Ireland profess a manly policy. Among them may be mentioned the Dublin *Independent*, *United Ireland*, the *Munster Express*, the *Leinster Leader*, the Tuam *Herald*, and the Waterford *News*.

The Irish Whig organs on the other side of the water affect to take but little notice of the New Movement, outside of mere moral suasion, to be inaugurated in America within a short period. They will soon discover that the men who mean business in America will make that movement, open and above board in its policy, more formidable than any of its predecessors. There will be no room for the spy or the informer in it, because it will say fearlessly, before mankind, what it desires, and it will act according as circumstances may justify. It will have the advantage of education by precedent, most of which it will certainly reject, as not having conduced to victory. Men who are not in earnest, and who judge others by their own conscious insincerity, may sneer at the New Movement, just as such men have sneered at all new movements for the good of humanity, since Christ preached on the mountain down to the present day. Yet, as of old, those who come to mock may remain to pray, when the temple is thrown open.

GRAND BOULEVARD THREATENED.

The residents of Grand boulevard, and South Siders generally, are aroused to the highest pitch of indignation by the proposition recently made by a few amateur horsemen before the Board of South Park Commissioners, to have the healthy, umbrageous elm trees which adorn the grass plats between the driveways, and give shade to hundreds of people during the summer heats, uptorn or cut down to make room for a bridle-path leading along the boulevard to the parks. All the petitioners for this piece of vandalism are non-residents of the splendid thoroughfare in which all Chicagoans worthy of the name take a laudable pride and interest. The park commissioners, without having heard from the property owners on the boulevard, unaccountably consented to this arboreal butchery, but deferred the period of execution until the spring. Meanwhile the South Side residents are filling up petitions by the score, calling upon the South Park Board to reconsider its action. Judge Haney, of the Circuit court, represents the equestrians who desire to mutilate the trees, while Judge Shepard, of the same court, is head of the movement in opposition. It now seems probable that wiser counsel will prevail with the South Park board, and that the obnoxious order will be rescinded.

TEELING ON O'LEARY.

Charles McCarthy Teeling, of Dublin, is one of the Irishmen who sticks to the old cause and the old principle without deviation. Recently, replying to some ill-natured strictures on the veteran James Stephens, he wrote the following letter to the Dublin *Evening Telegraph:*

"Mr. John O'Leary has put prominently in a recent lecture the views of two well-known Irishmen, now deceased, on James Stephens, and he added from neither of them did he gather anything particularly favorable of his old acquaintance, Stephens. He states that Stephens was vain, arrogant, with a most inordinate belief in his own powers, and a proportionate contempt for those of others—Mr. O'Leary's, I presume, among the rest.

"I am sure there are many who will deprecate the bad taste of this hostile criticism by Mr. John O'Leary of his old chief, who now in his declining years may not be able to defend himself with the characteristic energy of earlier days. Mr. O'Leary, who prides himself on being the apostle of toleration, might on this occasion be a little less intolerant. The will-power and determination which are the essentials of leadership Stephens undoubtedly did possess, and they may have estranged from him men of a more vacillating character. On one occasion in Paris, when speaking to me of O'Leary, Stephens said, 'In the revolutionary movement I never could get him (O'Leary) to do anything except when I took him by the shoulders and pushed him into it.'

"As Mr. O'Leary occupies a very peculiar and a very inconsistent position in Irish politics, it will not be out of time or place to now make known his views as expressed by himself. He is called the Old Fenian Chief, and is always flung in the teeth of the parliamentarians. The Fenians were Republicans, and believed in the complete independence of Ireland. Mr. O'Leary believes in neither. Some years ago, in the course of conversation, he said to me, 'I never wanted more than the legislative independence of Ireland. I don't care whether the Queen of England or anybody else rules here, and I only sanctioned the taking up of arms in '67 because I then believed that a measure of self-government could only be thus obtained; but since seeing the case of Austria-Hungary I have come to be of the view of my friend Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and I now believe we can get all we want through the British parliament.'

"Then I said, 'Mr. O'Leary there is no difference between you and the men whose views and methods you are supposed to be so antagonistic to. You occupy a false position. You are looked up to, respected, and revered by many young men in Ireland today because they believe you to be what in reality you are not—an Irish Republican.'

"Stephens, at all events, has not been inconsistent. He has remained true to his early political faith, and there are men in Ireland who honor him because, even in his old age and in the darkest hours, he has not despaired of the Republic."

Mr. O'Leary is a very learned, very conceited, very inconsistent and very unwise old gentleman. He suffered something, in his middle age, for Ireland, and for that we respect him, but we never know where to find him. He blows hot and cold. At one time he was a total separatist—now he seems to be a cross between a "loyalist" and a Repealer—a sort of semi-patriotic mule, all the time bucking and kicking against everything that does not emanate from his own perverse nature. A good story is told of Mr. O'Leary, in connection with the Land League convention of 1883, held in Philadelphia. Before that gathering was called to order, O'Leary and some leading Irish-Americans were discussing the relative merits of certain "big men" in Ireland—one in particular was mentioned as preeminent for ability. O'Leary's eyes flashed savagely, as he exclaimed, "D—n it, gentlemen, he doesn't know Latin!" This was a clincher, and the group adjourned to the hall.

"Do you know that the editor of an Iowa paper being asked 'Do hogs pay?' says that a great many of them do not; they take the paper for several years and then send it back marked 'refused'?"—*St. Louis Humorist.*

William O'Brien, the hysterical member for Cork city in the British parliament, has accepted the Chiltren Hundreds, which is equivalent to resignation, and will disband himself on the 12th inst. It would be a good thing for Ireland if all the other parliamentary faction fighters followed his example.

The recent order of Chief of Police Badenoch in regard to promotions, changes, discharges and retirements on the force is so voluminous that we are absolutely dazzled by the rapid movement of so many stars—some rising, some setting and some suddenly extinguished. The Citizen dislikes the guillotine, but it is loath to harshly criticise the action of the head of the police force. It would seem, however, that some of the officers retired are still in manhood's prime, and quite capable of performing their duty as preservers of the public peace. Conspicuous among these men is Capt. John Byrne, than whom Chicago never possessed a braver or better defender. So, too, with Charles Rehm, who is reduced and transferred, and others too numerous to mention. Chief Badenoch says he has reasons for every step he has taken. We hope so, but, from any standpoint, it is not well to multiply enemies. It is always the part of wisdom to move slowly in such serious matters.

The Democratic free silver men's convention at Springfield adopted the 16 to 1 standard on Wednesday and adjourned.

It is confidently asserted by the Chicago *Chronicle*, which, by the way, improves in contents and appearance with each succeeding number, that the Hon. Thomas A. Moran, of this city, has been selected to succeed Attorney General Olney, who is "slated" to take the place of the late Secretary Gresham. We hope the assertion will be verified, although we differ diametrically from ex-Judge Moran in politics and some other matters. He is an able and an honest man.

Austin E. Ford, brother of Patrick Ford of the *Irish World*, was, we were glad to observe, appointed by Mayor Strong, of New York, fire commissioner for six years at a salary of $5,000 per year. Mr. Ford is a man who will do credit to the position.

A Parliamentary "Blue Book" return of the British army for 1894 has just been published. For the twelve months the average effective strength was 219,121. Of this number home stations took 105,749; the colonies and Egypt 37,219 and India 76,153. According to the latest returns, and figured to Jan. 1 of the present year, the general total for home and abroad was 222,151.

On the 15th of May Joseph Whitaker, the projector and proprietor of the well known "Whitaker's Almanac," died at his residence, Enfield, in Middlesex, England. Mr. Whitaker found his first employment with Messrs. Parker, the Oxford University publishers. Then he gravitated to London, and nearly forty years ago started almost the pioneer English trade journal, which he called *The Bookseller*. The almanac, by which his name will be best commemorated, is known all over the world.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN W. GARVEY.

Mr. John W. Garvey, ex-President of the West Park Board of Commissioners, and ex-member of the Public School Board, who died at the comparatively early age of 53 years last week, was a native of Canada, but of Irish parentage. He came to Chicago while a young man, and engaged in the lumber business, at which he speedily acquired a handsome competence, and was reckoned among the most successful lumber dealers of the city. He was a very zealous member of the Catholic church, and did much for its benefit within his sphere of work. In Irish matters, he took only an occasional interest, but contributed liberally to the Land League fund, when Parnell was at the summit of his power. Mr. Garvey leaves a widow and a large and interesting family in comfortable circumstances. His upright life and many sterling qualities made him respected by all who knew him, and his all too early death has filled the hearts of his family and intimate friends with profound sorrow.

MR. HERMAN PABST.

The numerous friends of Mr. Herman Pabst, who represented the great Milwaukee brewing firm in this city for several years, and who was a brother of the head of the company, were shocked by the news of his sudden death, which occurred in New York on Friday of last week. Mr. Pabst was only 37 years of age, and, up to three months ago, appeared to be in rugged health. Close application to business, and consequent want of exercise, developed kidney trouble of some kind, and the doctors ordered him to Europe for change of air and a rest. He left this city, with his wife, two weeks ago, with the intention of going to Carlsbad. They were to have sailed on the very day of Mr. Pabst's sudden demise. The remains were brought to this city for interment, and the obsequies were largely attended. Among those who attended were the brother and nephew of the deceased gentleman, Col. Fred and Mr. Gustav Pabst and their families. The Citizen sincerely regrets the premature calling away of Herman Pabst, who was, in every sense of the word, a true gentleman.

REV. FATHER CUNNINGHAM.

The Rev. Father Lawrence T. Cunningham, formerly assistant pastor of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, of this city, and more recently of Dixon, Ill., died somewhat unexpectedly at Galena, in this state, on Thursday of last week. Father Cunningham was a young clergyman of signal ability, and was an out and out Irish Nationalist. His near relative, Capt. D. P. Cunningham, of Meagher's brigade, was one of the foremost Irish-American litterateurs of his day, and edited for many years the New York *Tablet* with marked ability. He was also the author of a history of the Irish Brigade in the Union service and of several very learned and readable novels, including "The O'Mahony," a stirring story of the rebellion of 1798, the scene of which is laid chiefly in the county of Tipperary. Father Cunningham was even more of a patriot than his distinguished relative, and his early death is widely mourned by those who knew and loved him in Chicago and elsewhere.

Father Cunningham was but 30 years of age at the date of his death. He was educated for the sacred ministry at All Hallows' college, Dublin, in which he gained a free place by competitive examination when quite a boy. Indeed it was only the brilliancy of his entrance examination that overcame the objection of the faculty to his extreme youth. He was ordained for the Chicago mission nine years ago, and was at once appointed to St. Charles' parish, in which he remained eight years. It was almost entirely owing to his ability and pleasing personality that funds were raised to build the beautiful pastor's residence in that parish. Twelve months ago he was removed to Dixon, and subsequently to Galena, Ill., where his death took place. The deceased was buried from St. Charles' parish church, in this city, to which his remains had been removed at the desire of a host of friends he had made there. The interment took place at Calvary cemetery on June 1, and the esteem in which the deceased was held was marked by the vast numbers of clergy and laity that attended it. Requiescat in pace.

REV. FATHER LYONS.

The Rev. Father Daniel Lyons, for some years connected as assistant priest with St. James' Catholic church in this city, died of a complication of Bright's disease and consumption, in Denver, Col., on Friday of last week. He was a gentleman of fine intellect, and was most gifted as a preacher on Catholic dogmas. His able discourses on "Papal Infallability," delivered from the pulpit of St. James' six years ago, attracted wide attention, and the demand for them became so great that they were collected and printed in book form. Father Lyons was a very young man, but ill-health manifested itself in his feeble frame soon after his ordination as a priest, and his physician recommended the Colorado climate as the only hope of restoration to health. Among the mountains of the beautiful American Switzerland, he made the struggle for existence during five long years. About six months ago he developed Bright's disease, and his doctors gave up all hope of his recovery. Always an ascetic, he devoted his few remaining days to thorough preparation for the great, inevitable change, and met his early doom with the unflinching courage of a true and noble priest. In him, the Catholic church has certainly lost one of the most able and promising of the younger generation of clergymen.

MAJ. BROCKWAY.

Maj. James W. Brockway, for many years Recorder of this county, and a veteran of the Union army, died, after a protracted illness, last week. He never fully recovered from the effect of wounds received in the Wilderness-Petersburg campaign of 1864, and was always more or less of an invalid. He was an active, intelligent man, and always took a deep interest in public affairs.

LIEUT. JOHN BAUS.

Police Lieutenant John Baus, who had been a conspicuous figure in Chicago for a generation, died suddenly of heart disease, superinduced by over-exertion in the Decoration Day parade, at his home, No. 944 N. Halsted street, on last Tuesday morning. He was a native of Bavaria, where he was born in 1828; took an active part in the South German revolution of 1848, and, on its failure, came to America. He joined the Chicago police force in 1857, but being an ardent Union man and abolitionist, entered the Union army early in the war and served until its close. He rejoined the police force in 1865 and continued in the service, with one interval, until last Saturday, when he was honorably retired for age. He was a very gallant man, and particularly distinguished himself by his bravery during the serious railroad riots of 1877 and the Anarchist outbreak of 1886. For twenty-five years he was in command at Larrabee street police station, and was one of the best known figures at German and Grand Army merrymakings. He was, in particular, a favorite with the Bavarians, and frequently acted as marshal of their parades. The death of the veteran lieutenant is much regretted by all who knew him.

MISS BESSIE MULLEN.

Miss Bessie Mullen died on Wednesday, May 29, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Michael Sullivan, No. 163 Cass street. She was born near Dundalk, county Louth, Ireland, about thirty years ago, and was the youngest of a family of five children, of whom the late Henry T. Mullen was one. She possessed many Christian virtues, and was a member of the various sodalities of the cathedral, and also a nun of the Third Order of St. Frances. Deceased was robed in the habit of the Dominicans, of which her eldest sister is a religious, who, owing to the strict rule of her order, was unable to be present. The funeral took place Saturday, June 1, from her late residence to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, the pall-bearers being Messrs. James Sullivan, Owen Sullivan, Andrew Sullivan, John M. Scanlan and two brothers of the Order of the Holy Cross of Notre Dame, Ind. The celebrant of the mass was the Rev. Father M. J. Fitzsimmons, rector; deacon, Rev. Father P. A. McLaughlin, of Aurora, Ill.; sub-deacon, Rev. Father J. S. Finn; master of ceremonies, Rev. Father Hugh O'Gara McShane, of the Church of the Annunciation. After the requiem mass Father Fitzsimmons made a few remarks upon the deceased's good qualities, although he stated that she requested that no eulogy be pronounced. Miss Mullen leaves several sisters to mourn her loss. The remains were deposited in the vault at Calvary cemetery, and were followed by a large number of friends, including several priests and Sisters of Charity, and a delegation of the young ladies' sodalities.

THE SWORD OF CERRO GORDO.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Sound the loud bugle!—roll the drum!
Your standard flag unfurl today,
From every State the people come,
Their debt of gratitude to pay
To him who in the battles van
Gave heart and soul and sword to man—
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

From the glad North—the sunny South,
The East—the West—from shore to shore,
And from the cannon's iron mouth
Let salutations loudly roar—
For him whose sword in siege and field
Was freedom's bulwark—honor's shield—
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

For Shields the statesman pure and true,
For Shields the hero of two wars,
Who led the gallant boys in blue
To victory 'neath the stripes and stars,
Whose sword flashed in the hottest fight
For home and country—truth and right—
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

That peerless sword in fight was seen—
To flash upon a foreign strand
By mountain, ford and forest green;
And here in freedom's holy land
At Winchester it gain'd the day—
And vanquish'd Stonewall in the fray—
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

Son of fair Erin—let the place
That gave him birth, be honor'd here.
Sons of his land—a hero race—
Remember him with sigh and tear;
Though sheath'd that sword—the bronze unveil
To glad the Saxon and the Gael—
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

Raise high for him the sculptur'd stone,
Three States the august statesman claim,
Missouri calls him all all her own,
Fair Minnesota loves his name,
In Illinois he is adored—
Columbia glories in his sword—
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

DAIRY FARM FOR SALE.

One of the finest dairy farms in McHenry county, Illinois. Two hours from Chicago. Five minutes from station on Northwestern Railway. Near church and school. Three hundred acres, with sixty cows, fifty hogs, etc. Shipping milk to Chicago. Will give long time on part of price, or will trade for good Chicago real estate. Address "A," The Citizen office.

HONOR THE BRAVE.

Eloquent Oration of Hon. A. L. Morrison at the National Cemetery, Santa Fe, N.M., on Decoration Day.

A Superb Apostrophe to the American Flag—Stirring Poetical Quotations.

The following oration was delivered by the Hon. A. L. Morrison, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, on Decoration Day, at the National Cemetery in that city:

Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ladies and Gentlemen—As we stand on this consecrated ground in the midst of these sacred graves, in the quiet hush of this solemn ceremony and in the glorious radiance of God's blessed sunlight, our hearts are opened to receive the patriotic impressions which the return of this gracious day always brings with it as fresh and fragrant as the buds and blossoms which we bring to deck these last earthly resting places of that part of the Grand Army which has answered the last roll call of the Eternal God. From a silent tomb far away amid the emerald prairies of Illinois a voice goes forth today to every spot where the ever faithful living are assembled to honor the ever faithful dead; it comes to us away up in the presence of the grand old mountains and it declares that "The cause of the Union is right—eternally right, and the cause of disunion is wrong and eternally wrong." In the dark days of the Rebellion, when the Nation was bleeding at every pore and anxious care was in every heart, this maxim fell from the lips of the great protomartyr, President Lincoln. It was the test of loyalty then, it is the test of loyalty now, and it will be the test of loyalty to generations of American freemen through all the ages of the future. We can afford to be magnanimous to the men of the lost cause; we can afford to forgive the crimes and errors of the past, and, so far as humanity is able, to cast the veil of oblivion over all the horrors of the civil war. But we cannot afford to abate one jot or tittle of our heartfelt devotion to the great cause itself and our deep and ever increasing love and gratitude to the intrepid soldiers who offered up their lives in its behalf. They were the choice, the elite of the Nation. Then—

"What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath
And from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair young bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away
And deemed it sin to grieve."

They were the fathers, the sons, the brothers, the lovers of the Republic—the grandest, the truest, the bravest men who ever faced the storm of death on the battlefield, above, beyond, and out of reach of comparison. Such were the men who died that we might live. But what of those who survived and bore their war stained tattered flags in triumph home again? Look back a moment at the conclusion of European wars, and we see vast armies either permanently kept on foot or partially disbanded to become greater terrors to their friends than they had ever been to their enemies. What a glorious contrast our American citizen soldiery present to the mercenaries of Europe. A million men were discharged within a few weeks; a million men, who, after three or four years of absence in the field, returned to find their places in life taken by others; a million men who with arms in their hands could have demanded anything they sought and enforced their demand. Foreign statesmen, judging our soldiers by their own, said that disorder worse than war must follow the disbandment of such an enormous body of men who had become unused to peaceful pursuits after long years of war and strife. Well might they, judging by their own experience, harbor such gloomy forebodings. But the age of miracles has not gone by. Here was a miracle which has had no parallel in all the histories of the wars of the world. A poet thus describes it—

"What became of those battalions
When the victory was won?
Let me point you to a picture!
See a million soldiers there
Flushed with triumph and with weapons
Flashing keen and bright and bare?
Vanished! Wondrous transformation!
Where is now that mighty band?
Do they roam a vast banditti
Plundering their native land?
No. We point to the field and workshop
Let the world the moral see,
There beneath the dust of labor
Toil the veteran soldiery.
Ye who were mightiest in the battle
On the mountain and the plain
Wrought, yes wrought your greatest triumph
When you sought your homes again.
Sought your homes 'mid peace and quiet,
Grasping with your strong right hand
Implements of honest labor,
Toiling to upbuild the land."

We have a small remnant of the men who wrought this miracle of the ages here with us today, and how do we know them from their fellow citizens? In part by the measured martial step which even in their declining years clings to them, but peculiarly by the simple star or badge which every veteran wears over his heart. The mighty Napoleon created the the proudest badge that ever soldier wore, "The Star of the Legion of Honor," of which Byron wrote—

Souls of slain heroes found thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
'Twas fame on high and honor here:
And thy light broke on human eyes
Like a volcano of the skies;
Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood
And swept down empires with its flood,
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base
As though did'st lighten through all space
And the shorn sun grew dim in air
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

But to us even the brilliant "Star of the Legion" pales its ineffectual fires in presence of the more brilliant, more glorious American Star of the Grand Army of the Republic. Hail! all hail! beloved star taken from the centre of our own peerless constellation and worn on half a million manly breasts today. Hail! all hail! meteor of freedom, emblem of victory, beacon light of honor and glory, may God bless here and hereafter every veteran who carries thee in life and death. And now, oh ever venerated flag of the free, we bow in almost worshipping love in thy august presence. Bedewed by the holy tears of our widows and orphans, and crimsoned with the blood of the brave and true. Gallant flag which waved over the heads of the embattled Yankee farmers when they drove Percy's red coats from Concord and Lexington, and into the walls of Boston. Heroic flag which went down in defeat at Long Island and blazed out in victory above Burgoyne's routed legions at Saratoga. Peerless flag, which solaced our starving regiments in the squalid winter quarters at Valley Forge, flashed like an angry motion of the skies over the allied American and French armies when England's broken sword, shivered spear and conquered banner were laid down at the feet of the god-like Washington at Yorktown. Majestic flag, which floated free on the blood-stained breastworks at New Orleans and saw Pakenham's English veterans of the Napoleonic wars mowed down by regiments and driven in headlong rout into the waves of the Gulf by Jackson's Southern and Western victorious rifle-men. Unconquered, invincible, deathless flag of Vicksburg, Atlanta, Gettysburg and Appamattox; there is no room in all the broad Republic for any other banner to flutter in the free air of American rivalry with thee. Thou standest in thy matchless beauty, unique, peerless and alone. Again and again with body and soul we pay thee the best homage of our American hearts, and pray to the God of our fathers to guard thee from peril and defeat until

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces
The solemn temples, the great globe itself:
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve
And like an insubstantial pageant fade
And leave not a rack behind."

As we leave this sacred spot we will go as we came, "With charity for all and malice to none," and we truthfully say—

By the flow of the inland river
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the rain and the dew
Awaiting the judgment day,
Under the laurel the Blue
Under the willow the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat
All in their battle shrouds gory
In the dusk of Eternity meet.
Under the rain and the dew
Awaiting the judgment day,
Under the laurel the Blue
Under the willow the Gray.

In the hush of the sorrowful hours
The heart-stricken mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the rain and the dew
Awaiting the judgment day,
Under the laurel the Blue
Under the willow the Gray.

PHILO-CELTIC SOCIETY.

On account of an important meeting of the committee on entertainment, the usual meeting held at the close of class instructions was dispensed with last Sunday. During the session of the committee Mr. P. F. Holden, president of the society, called and informed them of his proposed trip to his native home, Kilkenny, Ireland. A special meeting was then held, Dr. J. C. Wilson as chairman, and speeches were made by Messrs. M. and Charles O'Gallagher, and Dr. Wilson; resolutions were passed extending to President Holden the best wishes of the society, a safe and pleasant journey, and a "Slan leat air feadh tamaill." Mr. Holden expects to return to Chicago in time to be present at the grand entertainment which is to be given by the society about the middle of next September.

To those persons who would like to learn the Irish language, but who cannot attend the instructions on Sunday afternoon, the secretary has been instructed to publish that the librarian, Mr. William Raleigh, 735 Canal street, has secured a quantity of text-books, containing all instructions necessary to acquire a considerable knowledge of the language.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Teutonic, sailing from New York June 5: Joseph Leiter, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Dubois, Mr. and Mrs Henry P. Croswell, H. K. Hibben, Joseph Entwistle, W. Laming, G. L. Owen, Mrs. Leaming, Miss Leaming, Mrs. C. Hordon, Miss E. W. Hordon, Mrs. Alfred T. Jones, Walter W. Jones, A. Ernest Jones, A. Victor Jones, Dr. Louis M. Turbin, A. E. Anderson, Miss Hughes, B. Garfield Jones, Chicago; Fred Swenson, Ottumwa, Ia.; Redmond A. Chadwick, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hall, Miss Mary Watson, Miss Kate Watson, Miss Pearl Spaulding, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Helen Hibben, Miss Alice Coughlan, Mrs. Barber, Miss Barber, San Francisco, Cal.; Douglas K. Newell, Mrs. O. S. Newell, Miss Lillian Mercur, Kenosha, Wis.; Chas. J. Yardley, Mrs. Harriet Yardley, Mrs. Annie Nichols, Greeley, Colo.; Gus. J. Appelgren, John Appelgren, Charles Appelgren, Ottumwa, Ia.; Frank Nicholls, Stafford Smith, St. Louis; George F. Harding, George J. W. Harding, Thomas Little, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. T. J. White, Miss Nellie White, Mary L. White, Miss Marion Groves, Kansas City, Mo.; Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Little, Davenport, Ia.; Mr. and Mrs. William Pugh, Minneapolis, Minn.

JUBILEE ODE.

Notre Dame: 1895.

By Prof. L. McGrickin, of Notre Dame.

Sing, the loud hosanna sing,
List, the angels join the chorus,
Let the dome eternal ring
With the music floating o'er us!
Notre Dame in joy today
Tells the world her hallow'd story,
Heaven is glad, and earth is gay
From all her greatness and her glory.
Lo! yon sacred dome above;
Where Mary glows, the angels gather,
They come as messengers of love
And blessing from th' Eternal Father.
And Mary has come with the heavenly choir,
And Joseph is with her—his pure heart on fire;
Father Sorin appears in his glory and fame,
The three who have founded, and crowned Notre Dame.

And now the angels cease to sing their lays,
And Father Sorin, like a prophet, prays:

FATHER SORIN'S PRAYER.

"Mother of God, my Mother dear,
Bless, bless your work of fifty years,
For I was but your servant here
That said his beads, and shed his tears!
I said my beads, you built yon halls,
I shed my tears, you raised yon spire;
Amid the flame you heard my calls,
And rescued me from out the fire.
'Twas you that prompted me to roam
The lonely prairie, distant wild,
And raise yon lofty golden dome
To God's own Mother and her Child.
Here may your name for ever sound,
Your banners ever be unfurl'd,
And Notre Dame be always found
Your fairest shrine in all the world."

But hark! the angels tune celestial strings,
And, blessing Father Sorin, Mary sings:

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S SONG.

"O blessed be God for His goodness to men,
When the soul is the image of Jesus again.
In thanks and in gladness today may I sing
The fond old "magnificat" to Heaven's King,
For you are the son of my heart and my mind—
We have built Notre Dame for the good of mankind,
And as long as a stone can be laid on a stone
Notre Dame shall increase, and be ever my own.
And here shall the psalm, and the "gloria" rise,
And here shall the incense float up to the skies;
And hither shall flock Christian youths from afar,
Like the wise men of old after Bethlehem's star;
For Wisdom and Knowledge this place shall inherit,
The Light of the Mind, with the Light of the Spirit;
And here shall our names ever gladden the prairie
While the Sons of the Cross turn to Joseph and Mary."

But lo! the spirits of the just appear,
Whose souls were form'd for love and glory here;
They sing and mingle with th' angelic throng,
And swell the chorus loud to Mary's song.

CHORUS OF SAINTS.

"God bless for ever Notre Dame
O'er sin and death victorious,
The New World's light, like Horeb's flame,
For ever shining glorious!
She stands alone, the earth her throne,
The miracle of the prairie,
The fairest home, 'neath Heaven's dome,
That man has raised to Mary!"

The angels guard the precious stone
That glorifies her portals;
Nor is she dear to men alone,
She's dearer to th' immortals.
For man and angel here may claim
The fruit of great endeavor;
Solomon's work is now a name
But this shall last for ever!"

But while the angels tune the string
And the saints are singing o'er us,
Priests the loud hosanna ring,
And the students join the chorus.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

"Beautiful Notre Dame,
Dutiful Notre Dame,
Glorious Notre Dame
Dear to the Lord!
Sound the loudest trumpet,
Touch the sweetest chord!

For thro' the gloom of fifty years we still
can mark the trace
Of Thabor's glory round thee, and the
beauty of His face;
O blessed be the light that lies behind
thee in the past,
'Tis light from fire of Pentecost, that
shines on to the last!

Once here the forest brake
Never heard a prayer,
And round St. Mary's lake
Wild beasts made their lair.
Father Sorin seeks the sod,
Like Jacob slumbers sound,
Waking—lo! the House of God,
And angels all around!

And like the stone uncut by hands that
once the prophet saw,
She sprung as if from God himself, and
filled the world with awe!
Yes, like the church of God she stands
unique in things divine
The proof that God is working still, the
mystery and sign!"

CHORUS OF STUDENTS.

Lo! the dawn of the morning
Is red in the East,
The sun gives us warning
Of Notre Dame's feast!
And all round the globe
Will be shine in his might,
And wear the rich robe
Of his glory and light.
In splendor he rushes
To earth as his bride,
And in beauty and blushes
She glows by his side;
Like that morn when they plighted
Their troth long ago,
Ere the world was yet blighted
With sin and with woe.

Oh! Mother of all things,
Bless Notre Dame's feasts,
And great things and small things
Enrobe as your priests.
For Solomon's story
Has nothing reveal'd,
Like the beauty and glory
Of flowers of the field.
The clouds without falter
Their incense have flung,
And Nature's high altar
Your praises are sung
There's a hymn from the prairie
A psalm from the wave,
And an anthem to Mary
Is heard from the grave!

Let the angels record
That Notre Dame young
Lisp'd the name of the Lord
With her infantile tongue.
And now after praising
For full fifty years,
Her voice she is raising
O'er two hemispheres.
The features of youth
To her shrines are restored
And beauty and truth
With the smile of the Lord.
The flower that springs
Where her founder once trod,
Of Mary still sings,
And the beauty of God.
And all that the mountain
Reveals, or the plain,
Is fresh from the fountain
Of Being again.
And while Mary is o'er us,
Or God is the same,
Sing the song, sing the chorus,
God bless Notre Dame!"

GAELIC PROSE.

(Ag so sampla de agribhinn Dochtúir Cáitlan, as an leabhar Gaedhilge is fearr ar bith i. "Tri Bior-ghaoithe an Bhéis" Feicthar nach bh-fuil deacracht i n-a thuigsint thar Ghaedhilge na h-almaire léitheighe, gidh gur sgriobhadh é i naice le trí cheud bliadhain ó shoin.)

(Leightear ag Plutarchus i m-beathaidh Romulus, go ndéarna Romulus teach tearmainn, fá dheoidh do gach aon ar a mbiadh guais no coir bháis, acht go roicheadh ann: mar an gceadna do Romulus mór. i. Dia uile-chumhachtach, do rinne seachtearmainn i g-cómhair an chinidh dhaonna, mar atá luaithreadh na somharbhaidhe do chrothadh ar a g-cogubhasaibh, agus luighe an léir-mheas do dheanamh ar gach aithghin d'á dtig do theitg an bháis orra.

Is amhuin sdeir Job, x. 9, ag iarraidh aneáill ar Dhia do bhithin bheith 'san dtigh thearmainn dí .i. aguainneadh na somharbhachta agus na luaithe d'á ndéantaidh é féin, "aitchim thú, cuimhnigh gurab mar an lathaigh do rinnis me, agus go dtillfidh tu i luaithreadh an bháis mé:" d'á mbaoidheamh ar Dhia, gur mhaith an diol maitheamhnais é féin, tré bheith 'san dtigh-tearmainn dó .i. mbioth-chuimhne an bháis.

Tearmann—Refuge, protection.
Guais—Danger.
Figuraibh—Figure, figurative reference.
Da bhithin—By reason of, in effect of.

ST. JARLATH'S NEW ALTAR.

Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor of St. Jarlath's church, Jackson boulevard and Hermitage avenue had a surprise in store for his congregation last Sunday. In place of the old centre altar, before which mass has been celebrated for twenty years, a new altar of red oak and gold was placed in the sanctuary. It is pronounced the finest altar in America. The new altar is of Gothic design, twenty-eight feet high and fourteen feet wide. There are five canopies in the upper structure, each containing a life-size statue. The centre statue, directly under the apex, is of St. Jarlath, representing him as an Irish bishop, with a miter in one hand and a bible in the other. Directly beneath St. Jarlath, to his right hand and left, are statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. Beneath these are statues of St. Patrick and St. Bridget. The former has an emblematic shamrock in his right hand and a crozier, symbolic of his office, in his left. St. Bridget is represented in the garb of a nun. All the figures are of wood, deeply inlaid with gold. The tabernacle is five feet high and incloses two revolving niches. In one of these will be placed the monstrance, with a background of silver. The other is done in gold, and will hold the crucifix. On either side of the tabernacle is a gilded angel, with head bowed in the attitude of prayer. Beneath the tabernacle is a small iron safe; a receptacle for the ciborium and chalice at night. Three years ago thieves broke into the church and stole the sacred vessels, and Father Cashman is determined that the occurrence shall not be repeated. The table on which mass will be said rests on a marble slab nine feet in length. In this will be placed the altar stone, which contains relics of the saints. The whole is surmounted by a cross three feet high. The height of the altar from the foundation to the apex is fifty-eight feet. The date for the consecration has not been fixed, but it will probably take place on some Sunday during the month. The ceremony will be performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

NEW YORK, May 24.—At the regular meeting of the Manhattan Club, held in their rooms, Brevoort hall, on Thursday, the 23d ult., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, A convention of Irish-Americans has been proposed for the purpose of organizing a new movement for Irish independence by means outside of parliamentary agitation; and

WHEREAS, We consider parliamentary agitation is demoralizing to the Irish people, and destructive to Ireland's nationhood; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we approve of the proposed convention and the inauguration of a new Irish movement, on lines outside of parliamentary agitation, and pledge our moral and financial aid to whatever policy the convention may adopt; and, be it further

Resolved, That we hereby request the co-operation of all Irishmen who desire the complete emancipation of Motherland from English rule, and of all Irish societies and organizations, whether beneficial, social, literary, patriotic, military, temperance, athletic or otherwise.

M. J. Langan, Martin Walsh, Francis Murphy, Thomas B. Leahey, P. J. Cody, P. J. Quinn, W. J. Balfe, Capt. John Kirwan, William Lyman, M. D. Gallagher, Gen. M. Kerwin, M. H. Carew, C. J. Rielly, Mortimer Sullivan, J. P. Boland, John F. Kearney, Michael Murray, Thomas O'C. Harney.

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

(Revised to Date.)

Ye mariners of England,
That bully smaller folk,
Whose flag has for a thousand years
Made little states go broke;
That glorious standard launch again,
To dun another foe,
And sweep through the deep
For the firm J. Bull & Co.—
To squeeze out cash from weaker folk,
For the firm J. Bull & Co.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall blush from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your pockets fatter grow,
As ye sweep through the deep
For the firm J. Bull & Co.
(N.B.—No discount off for cash)
For the firm J. Bull & Co.

Britannia needs no bailiffs
To watch her debtor's shop;
She simply marches o'er the wave,
And says she's come to stop.
With thunders of her mighty jaw
She quells the few who grow
Indignant at the figures faked
By the firm J. Bull & Co.—
Indignant at the profits raked,
By the firm J. Bull & Co.

Thy meteor flag, O England!
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till the other fellow's stuff departs
And thy stray coins return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and grog shall flow
To the fame of your name
As the shrewdest firm we know—
"Money squeezed from smaller nations,
Prompt attention—Bull & Co."

B.

—*Inter-Ocean.*

Real Merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the kind. Try it.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

HALF FARE

To Chattanooga and Return.

On June 25th, 26th and 27th, 1895, the Monon route will sell tickets at rate of one fare for the round trip from all points on its line to Chattanooga and return, on account of the second international conference of the Epworth League. These rates and tickets will be open to all. Tickets will be limited to return fifteen days from date of sale, but can be extended fifteen days by depositing with agents of Q. & C. or Nashville & Chattanooga Ry's. before June 30th. A choice of routes via Cincinnati, the blue grass regions of Kentucky, and the mountains of Tennessee, or via Louisville and the cave regions of Kentucky, with side trips to Mammoth cave at a nominal expense, makes the Monon route the most desirable line between Chicago and Chattanooga, Tenn. The day trains of the Monon route, both via Louisville and Cincinnati, carry parlor cars and dining cars, serving meals the same as at a first-class cafe. Patrons can order what they want and need only pay for what they get. The evening trains carry luxurious palace sleeping cars from Chicago to Cincinnati or Louisville. The sleeping car rate from Chicago to the Ohio River, or from the Ohio River to Chattanooga, is $2 per berth, whether occupied by one or two persons. Parties wishing to view the mountain scenery of the South should leave Chicago on the evening trains, so as to make the trip from Cincinnati or Louisville to Chattanooga by daylight, arriving at Chattanooga for supper. Those wishing to visit Mammoth Cave should leave Chicago at 8:32 p. m., arriving at Louisville for breakfast, and at the cave for dinner, remaining at the cave until next morning, leaving at 9 o'clock, and arriving at Chattanooga for supper. The side trip from Glasgow Junction to Mammoth Cave will cost but $1.25; hotel bill and cave fees will be very reasonable. The guides go into the cave between 2 and 3 o'clock p. m., and at 8 o'clock in the evening, thus giving those who wish a chance to make two trips in the cave same day.

Further information, with time tables, maps and pamphlets will be furnished on application to any agent of the Monon route, or by addressing, Frank J. Reed, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The regular meetings of the Irish-American Lyceum have been postponed until September, and no meetings will be held during June, July or August, as it is feared the large crowds would make the hall uncomfortable during the hot weather.

JOHN J. SHERLOCK, Sec.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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$80 $60

Elegant in Design
Superior in Workmanship
Strong and Easy Running

Hartfords are the sort of bicycles most makers ask $100 for. **Columbias** are far superior to so-called "specials," for which $125 or even $150 is asked.

It is well to be posted upon the bicycle price situation.

The great Columbia plant is working for the rider's benefit, as usual.

Columbias, $100

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Business Directory.

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AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.
Established 1860.

DEATH.

Miscall me not. Men have miscalled me much,
Have given hard names and harsher thoughts to me,
Reviled and evilly entreated me,
Built me strange temples as an unknown god,
Then called me idol, devil, unclean thing,
And to rude insult bowed my godhead down.
Miscall me not, for men have marred my form,
And in the earthborn grossness of their thoughts
Have coldly modeled me of their own clay,
Then fear to look on that themselves have made.
Miscall me not. Ye know not what I am,
But ye shall see me face to face and know.
I take all sorrows from the sorrowful
And teach the joyful what it is to joy.
I gather in my landlocked harbor's clasp
The shattered vessels of a vexed world,
And even the tiniest ripple upon life
Is to that calm sublime as tropic storm.
When other leechcraft fails the breaking brain,
I only own the anodyne to still
Its eddies into visionless repose.
The face distorted with life's latest pang,
I smooth in passing with an angel's wing.
And from beneath the quiet eyelids steal
The hidden glory of the eyes to give
A new and nobler beauty to the rest.
Belie me not. The plagues that walk the earth,
The wasting pain, the sudden agony,
Famine and war and pestilence and all
The terrors that have darkened round my name—
These are the works of life; they are not mine;
Vex when I tarry, vanish when I come,
Instantly melting into perfect peace
As at his word whose master spirit I am
The troubled waters slept on Galilee.
Tender I am, not cruel. When I take
The shape most hard to human eyes and pluck
The little baby blossom yet unblown,
'Tis but to graft it on a kindlier stem,
And leaping o'er the perilous years of growth,
Unwept of sorrow and unscathed of wrong,
Clothe it at once with rich maturity.
'Tis I that give a soul to memory,
For round the follies of the bad I throw
The mantle of a kind forgetfulness,
But canonized in dear love's calendar
I sanctify the good for evermore.
Miscall me not. My generous fullness tends
Home to the homeless, to the friendless friends,
To the starved babe the mother's tender breast,
Wealth to the poor and to the restless rest.
—Herman Merivale.

A PLAINS MAID.

In the year 186— I set out with a party of speculators bent on making their fortunes by mining for metals among the mountains of New Mexico. At the time of this adventure we were approaching Santa Fe, where we proposed to indulge in a few days' rest. Our party consisted of ten persons, a couple of scouts (old Indian fighters), an army sergeant, who had been detailed with three soldiers to this duty by the colonel commanding the last military station we had visited, and two capitalists from St. Louis, together with a lady and myself.

It was an evening in early May, and we were cozily ensconced in camp for the night and near the center of the continent. Everything about us was enjoyable. It was a clear, bright night, although the moon was only half way through its second quarter, and the stars shone white and twinkling in the skies of those highly rarified altitudes—a fairy night for waking dreams, in the poet's mind of love, the artist's of entrancing landscapes, the plainsman's of his flocks and herds and the military hero's of gore and glory amid the glitter of golden epaulets.

Sangaree, one of the scouts, was roasting on a spit a brace of prairie hens, while Colorado Charlie, the other scout, was broiling a savory venison steak on the opposite side of the open fire. The sergeant, the capitalists and myself were sociably seated together drinking something stronger than water out of tin cups, while the lady had withdrawn to the privacy and sanctity of her solitary tent. All were ready for a meal, with appetites sharpened by the bracing breath of the springtide breeze. No adventure of consequence had befallen us since we had left the frontier fort—all had run smoothly as a train on down grade. Perhaps we were a little bored by the uniform serenity of our lives. Man is an adventurous animal.

The lady honored us with her company at supper, which proved entirely satisfactory, after which meal the scouts, the sergeant and myself fell to at cards. The soldiers went busily to work smoking short clay pipes. The speculators puffed cigars and sipped weak whisky and water, and all was soothing and serene. Presently the lady brought from her tent a Spanish guitar, and flinging herself rather negligently on the verdant field grass pleasantly proceeded to regale us with both song and music. She was a striking and peculiar girl. Young, lithe and graceful as a gazelle, yet strong as she was supple; of almost Hebraic type, still her tawny skin and straight, black hair, loosely falling to her shoulder, her coal black, flashing eyes, her full red lips, her low, broad brow and her high cheek bones, aglow with color—all these bespoke her half breed origin.

We had eagerly accepted her proffered companionship at Denver, a high official there having sent to us a message the day before we started for the plains that he was anxious to avail himself of the opportunity of placing under the protection of a band of gentlemen a young lady traveler, who, having completed her education in St. Louis, was on her journey homeward to Santa Fe, where her father, a wealthy Indian trader, had long resided. This young lady had been visiting the governor's family in Colorado. The message added that her father would meet and welcome his young daughter at a well known trading station some distance east of Santa Fe, at which point he would then be sojourning upon business.

Of course we all fell in love. I am not the last or least even probably to the pack mule. The lady's loveliness and good nature had wrought us all up to a state of idolatry and devotion. Her name was Pouchee—Pouchee Bloomingdale. Of course she never alluded to her pedigree, which was evidently mixed. Nor did we, but it was known to the scout Charlie, who had imparted it to us, that her father was a rich old Hebrew of Dutch extraction—Judah Blumenthal (his daughter having Anglicized her name), and it became gradually understood among us that her mother, who had been a Pawnee squaw, was long since dead.

On the fine spring evening of our tarrying the wiry ring of a guitar and mellow strains of song filled the air with rapture. Miss Pouchee had sung for us some opera songs, an Irish melody and a wild Spanish drinking song, which had warmed our blood like wine. One of the capitalists, named Abelson, succumbing to the music, had thrown away the stub of his cigar and drawn up close to the musician, seating himself, half reclining, upon the ground at her feet in dreamy admiration. He was a brawny, handsome man of 30, with brown mustache and auburn hair, a fearless, unflinching sort of fellow, with nerves of steel and eyes of liquid blue. None of us liked him. He was too supercilious and self satisfied. He had the glare and glitter of a gambler.

"You're a grand player," he said at a pause in the singing, "and know lots of good pieces. Did you learn the guitar at school, may I ask?"

"Oh, no!" was the listless answer. "I learned when I was a child. A Mexican taught me. His name was Sanchez. He could play anything on the guitar from a waltz to an opera. He was hanged for stealing horses."

"Served him right, the beggar! What music do you like best?" persisted the intruder.

"I like Italian serenades the best. They are entrancing."

"Won't you sing me one?"

"Listen to this little song," she answered willingly, "of Guiliani's."

She sang it soft and low, a simple serenade, which might have been a lullaby, we all enthusiastically applauding at its conclusion. Abelson began to clap his hands, then checked himself, and sighing raised his light blue eyes to her dark orbs.

"Curse his impudence," said I almost aloud.

"I'll play no more," said Sergeant Maberly, throwing down his cards. "Let Mr. Breitman take my place if he likes. Will you, sir?"

"Thanks, yes," said the second speculator, a slim, gray bearded man of 50. "What are the stakes?"

"Cigars," said I, with a laugh.

The sergeant got up, walked off a way and stood gazing at the moonlit landscape. In a moment he strolled carelessly over toward the fair guitarist and dropped down likewise a short distance from her feet, but with great respect and reverence of manner.

Of course we watched him.

The other, Abelson, was obviously annoyed at the intrusion. He shifted himself restlessly and said with irritation:

"Fine night, sergeant, for a raid. Hadn't you better keep a sharp lookout for savages and skunks and something of that sort?"

"I can see 'em with my eyes shut, and scoundrels, too," said the noncommissioned officer with asperity.

Abelson gave him an angry glance, but made no answer, while the lady, laughing gayly, rippled forth:

"Don't let any of them into camp, sergeant, or we shall have to feel for our scent bottles and our purses."

"To save our scalps," said Abelson, with a sneer, "for all the good the soldiers would be."

"We look to the civilians for protection," said the sergeant.

"One scout is worth ten of them," replied the other.

Miss Bloomingdale seemed suddenly to awaken to a realizing sense of the situation. Blushing, she said with grace:

"Doubtless you would all do the most doughty deeds in my defense, for you are brave men and Americans."

No words were spoken by the knights errant of the camp, though many eyes flashed fire, and judging by my own every heart beat high.

As I have said, our party was a mixed one. Sergeant Maberly was a short, clean limbed fellow of 26 or 28, well browned by the sun, frank, yet fierce of eye, powerful of build and bold as a lion.

Pouchee liked him. The character of Seth Abelson, capitalist, prospector and speculator, was a complete contrast to that of the young soldier.

Crafty, stealthy, calculating, he seemed to possess the cruel and cold blooded instincts of the native savage. Yet the man was a product of crowded cities. Colorado Charley, our chief scout, was a familiar and numerous type in the far west. A son of the plains, tall, graceful, slim waisted, with Saxon blond hair and pink complexion, he was athletic as an acrobat.

We sat at our game, Charley, Sangaree, Mr. Breitman and myself, while Maberly and Abelson knelt at the lovine beauty's feet and scowled defiantly at each other. Pouchee kindly smiled upon her worshipers. Charley could bear the situation no longer. Throwing down his cards, he said:

"Pardon me, gentlemen, I have had enough. Let one of the soldiers take my place and play my hand."

Calling up one of the privates, Charley strolled straight over to join the group of courtiers gathered about the pretty half breed queen. She had struck the strings of her guitar again and was spiritedly singing a popular Mexican war chant, "The Hymn of Maximilian."

At that moment the horses, which had been tethered back of the tents, broke in upon the harmony with loud whinneying and restless movements, while Sleuth, our bloodhound, uneasily whined and growled by turns, as the mule set up a most discordant bray. Simultaneously we all sprang upright and stared inquiringly about us, but neither eye nor ear was able to distinguish a single sign of any interloper. Charley and the sergeant, however, caught up their rifles and paced 100 yards about the camp without discovering the slightest cause or pretext for alarm. Still the sentries were doubled, firearms were examined and placed handy, our bowies were unsheathed and kept by our sides, and it was decided that none of us should undress for slumber.

Sleuth was unchained and allowed to stray at large about the camp. Every precaution against surprise by either animal or Indian had been most promptly taken.

Bidding us good night, Miss Bloomingdale withdrew to her tent, while we loitered awhile and smoked before retiring. After a time I turned in on my blanket with the others and fell speedily asleep, for one soon becomes indifferent to peril where perfect safety cannot be assured. I had slept perhaps an hour or two, when the sudden crack of rifles ruthlessly aroused me. I well knew what it was, what it must be—Indians! Instantly we were on our feet, weapons in hand and hurrying outside the tent. The crescent moon had set, the night was pitch dark, so that nothing could be seen, but wild, curdling noises broke on the ear. They came from Pouchee's tent. With an involuntary impulse I rushed toward it. Already it was filled with savages, grunting like swine together and brandishing their knives about with wildness. What was the excitement?

The savages were bluffed—the lady was not there. Had she spryly made her escape ere the firing of rifle or pistol which I had heard? I had no means of knowing, not much time to think, for the Indians turned on me like madmen rather than red men, knocking me down ere I could fire a shot. One of them ran at me, I suppose to take my scalp, when the snap of a gun and the yell of another of their number occasioned them all to rush precipitately out of the tent. So dazed was I and blinded with blood from the blow on my forehead that for the moment I could be but of little assistance, but as soon as I could sufficiently recover my senses I contrived to crawl out from under the canvas and creep along, hidden by the tall grass of the prairie. Not a thing to be seen. I heard the sound of hoofs, however, becoming more and more distant and indistinct, and soon realised that the survivors of the struggle, together with our stock, had been scooped and carried off as spoils and prisoners for ransom. The Indians had eluded us completely.

It may scarcely be believed, but so weak and weary was I from my wound that, not caring whether I was safe or not, I sank into a deep sleep or swoon, awaking not again till sunrise. Then, with a start, I sat bolt up and stared about me. All traces of the camp, the tents, utensils, equipage, were gone. Two of the soldiers, together with Mr. Breitman, were lying stiff, stark and scalped amid the grass where they had fallen. A dead horse was stretched at length upon its side, with a great gash in its flank, while a litter of damaged articles belonging to our company cumbered the trodden sod. My companions were all gone, and, my God! where was Pouchee?

Struggling faintly to my feet, I groaned aloud with agony of heart. Was Pouchee murdered or far worse? Immediately a loud cry made my blood run cold, and peering in every direction over the plains to my almost hysterical delight I saw the graceful girlish form of Pouchee coming at a run toward me. Fairly throwing herself into my arms, she managed to say, between a laugh and a cry:

"Mr. Vincent, you are left alive. I thought I was all alone in this waste desert. But you are spared to me, thank heaven!"

Full of unutterable emotions, I pressed the dear girl to my heart with rapture.

"Are they all killed?" I finally contrived to ask.

"All but we two, I fear."

"And how did they chance to leave you?" I said.

"I could not get to sleep last night, and after awhile got up to look outside the tent, when I saw dark shadows stealing along the ground. At that moment the sentinels fired at random, and flying blindly straight ahead I contrived to dodge the savages and escape, thanks to my Indian blood. Afterward, from a distance, I saw them spring upon the horses, and yelling like fiends ride rapidly away."

"They are far enough off by this time, Miss Bloomingdale," said I, "so let us look about and see what we can find for breakfast."

"Are you much hurt?" she asked, with trepidation. "You are all covered with blood."

"I'll soon fix that," said I.

There was a pail half full of water which had been left for the horses standing a little way off, and, without ceremony plunging my head into its sparkling mist I presently emerge quite clean and refreshed, but my clothes were badly stained and injured, and I had to laugh aloud, for poor Pouchee was already clad in a buckskin hunting shirt and chaperelles, which I recognized as having lately belonged to Sangaree. There were no guns or ammunition to be found, but a long bladed bowie was lying in the grass, badly nicked and bloodstained, which I stuck in my belt for our mutual protection before we fell to at some hard tack which was scattered around, and which we washed down with a bottle of beer that had fortunately escaped detection. That was our breakfast.

Of course we could not stay there to starve, although I could have remained under such pleasant circumstances forever—for was not Pouchee with me? So we decided to walk on toward the sunset in hopes of something turning up. First, however, I arrayed myself in a full United States cavalry uniform, which the Indians had overlooked, and which I stripped from off the body of one of the dead soldiers. Then away we started on foot—quickly and cheerfully over the plains.

I need not describe the ten happy days of that strange tramp. We lived sparsely enough on succulent grasses and drank at stagnant pools. I contrived to surprise and capture a few jackrabbits in their holes, which of course we were obliged to devour raw. At night we slept within hail in the thick grass, and in the morning we went on again as blithely as two half starved, thirsty, tired and wholly contented wretches could ever expect to do. It seemed like a dream at the time, and looking back a dream of bliss and peace and perfect love—for Pouchee and I were irrevocably attached to one another and engaged to be married before a week was over.

She was a noble girl, no manner of complaint or exclamation of impatience passing her lips throughout the term of our joint trial. She seemed to scorn privation, defy hardship, dare every danger and thrive, even revel, on fatigue. She toughened visibly under the stress of that rough life, with all the vitality of her vigorous constitution. As she marched over the boundless waste of barren land, hour after hour and day after day, she brought to my mind, in her ripe suppleness and rich splendor of physique, the image of a Pocahontas and a Pharaoh's daughter rolled into one. Such was her Indian and Israelitish inheritance.

At the eleventh hour of our wanderings, when we had dined dry on the roots of gramma grass which we had picked, and at a moment when I believed that it was all up with us in this world, Pouchee suddenly jumped to her feet and pointed off in a westerly direction.

"See there," she whispered hoarsely, "there, there! It is the dust thrown up by horses' feet. I know what it is. Rouse yourself, Robert. Oh, God, this strain is killing him!"

I thought her head had been turned with the sufferings of hunger and thirst she had undergone and was stricken dumb with agony of mind; but, glancing in the direction Pouchee indicated, I clearly discerned a little cloud of dust rising upward in the air.

"Let us hurry on," I cried.

Tottering forward, supported by the tireless arm of my companion, I pressed along until we were enabled to distinguish the growing outlines of a cavalcade. I know not how long a time it occupied to reach the cortege. I only know that I was rallied from a sort of stupor by hearing Pouchee shout and receiving a hail of joy and gladness from a distance.

"Are they Indians?" I whispered, clutching at my knife.

"No Indians about them," cried Pouchee gleefully. "They ride as only white men do. Bear up, Robert; they are here."

Some horsemen galloped up. I felt a whisky flask put to my lips, while a swarthy little chap, with a blue black beard and wearing spectacles, grabbed my affianced to his broadcloth bosom, singing out vociferously, "Pouch, my jewel, thank the God of Abraham, I find you safe!"

"Dad," she sang out lustily, "I'm all right. It is this young gentleman who is nearly done for. The dear, brave fellow, he has saved my life. We're engaged."

There was a pause.

"I see how it is," said Jacob Blumenthal, pulling her by the ear. "I know how it is myself. I've been there. What's the young man's name, my dear?"

"Robert Vincent," she replied, with downcast eyes.

"Where's he from, my dear?"

"From New York, father."

"Tell your father how much money he's got."

"I haven't a rap," said I coming boldly to the front.

"Very well," said the old gentleman, with a funny chuckle. "I see you are master here. You are boss of this job. Tell the truth and shame the devil. Do you want my girl?"

"I do, with all my soul," I cried in ecstasy.

"I'll sell the hussy cheap," said the playful old fellow, "and pay a big bonus down to boot. Holy Moses! I feared I had lost her. I'm glad to get her back on any terms. You brought her home to me, my son. But take me up quick, or I may change my mind. Oh, you little tramp," turning to his daughter, "ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Three hearty cheers resounded from the surrounding group of mounted men, and, for the first time looking in their faces, I was more than thunderstruck to recognise the beaming countenances of my old friends, Maberly and Colorado Charley, who instantly rode forward and clasped me warmly by the hand—and honest hands had both—in order to congratulate me upon my happiness, while Sleuth, our bloodhound, sprang up and licked my face.

To cut the story short, I may tersely state that both brave fellows had been wounded and captured by a roving band of Comanches, those Arabs of America, whom Seth Abelson, maddened by Pouchee's marked indifference to his suit, had instigated to that night attack upon our camp. Having met while straggling away in search of game a wandering warrior of that wicked tribe, he had induced him to influence his chief to sack the camp, with the design that he himself should kidnap the only daughter of the wealthiest man in Santa Fe and thus eventually obtain, perhaps, possession of his money. However, summary retribution overtook the traitor, for he was subsequently murdered by the Comanche chief for the sake of the gold which he was carrying about him in his belt.

By a strange providence the Indian band had afterward attacked the rescuing party on its way from Santa Fe. A desperate skirmish had ensued. The savages were signally defeated, and thus the sergeant and scout had been restored to liberty. They had set the father on his daughter's track and saved us in the moment of extremity.

It may be supererogatory to add that we were wed when safe at Santa Fe, and prosperity followed Pouchee's footsteps. —Washington Post.

Her Sick Spell.

An old lady of Massachusetts was famed in her native township for health and thrift. To an acquaintance who was once congratulating her upon the former she said: "We be pretty well for old folks, Josiah and me. Josiah hasn't had an ailin time for 50 years, 'cept last winter, and I ain't never suffered but one day in my life, and that was when I took some of the medicine Josiah had left over so's how it shouldn't be wasted."—Interior.

POKER LIKE A WOMAN

THIS IS THE WAY A WRITER SIZES UP THE NATIONAL GAME.

The Better You Think You Know Either the Greater Becomes the Mystery—But Both Are Fascinating—The Three Important Things In the Game.

"Do you know anything about the game of poker?" I asked of a friend.

"Just enough to stay out of it," said he.

There is a curious unanimity of modesty about poker, especially among those who know something of its fascinations. I never saw an old poker player who claimed to be familiar with the game. Poker is something like a woman—the longer you know her the less you know her and understand her. That is to say, familiarity with poker, instead of breeding contempt, inspires that respect which waits upon uncertainty and attends the unknowable. The best poker players are married men. The oftener a man is married the more modest he is about "sizing up" womankind. He loses confidence in his own judgment of human nature. He becomes wary. He lies in wait, never thoroughly satisfied in his own mind as to what will turn up next—never absolutely certain whether over against him is ace high or a royal flush—"bluff" or "a dead, lead pipe cinch."

I hope no lady—especially a married lady—will read this. It is no desire of mine to raise the ante on their possibilities. This out of sincere regard for my sex.

It is only the young and inexperienced who know all about women. It is only the fresh young amateur who knows all about poker. And, like the man who staggers up against a roulette wheel for the first time, this sort of daring not infrequently wins where riper experience and caution quit the loser. Everybody has heard of the innocent who steps up and plants $1 or so on the winning OO and calls the turn on the last cards out of the box on the first deal—while the expert, with or without a system, is content with odd or even or plays the seven open and unostentatiously coppers the ace. So the same inexperienced player will sit down at poker and for a time baffle the wit of the keenest card sharp. His very ignorance of the rules of the game protects him.

Poker has been defined by a cynic as a game at which one friend sits down to roll another. For the man of wisdom not a gambler will not rashly engage with strangers or tempt fickle fortune with professional players. He must therefore confine his speculation to his known acquaintances and friends. Notwithstanding the apparent solidity of this definition, it is not very difficult to find men willing to be robbed, so they enjoy the opportunity of holding up the other fellow. What is commonly known as the "gentleman's game" is usually made up of amateur sports and a sly expert or two worked in to leaven the lump. Men who make a living by cards affect the "gentleman's game" about the hotels and clubrooms, the real gentlemen being their lambs for the shearing. The professional game, strictly as such, is almost unknown. In these times of anti-gambling laws every hotel in the city has become a gambling house, poker being the ruling game. Go through any down town hotel during the summer when doors are ajar and you will find scores of games in full blast.

There are three things of importance besides knowing the game—cards, courage and judgment of human nature. The last is the greatest of all. The ability to read the human countenance—to cast the probable value of a flutter of an eyelid, to detect the slightest tremor of a muscle, to accurately gauge the intonation of a voice—these are acquirements, and to be able to do all of these with each and every new opponent would be perfection. Men are very different, and no two men at poker can be measured by the same standard. If to study man is the proper study of mankind, poker is the greatest school ever invented.

Theoretically four aces beat any lesser hand held against them. As an interesting fact, perfectly familiar to every lover of the game, no hand at all is necessarily winner, the outcome largely depending upon the nerve and judgment of the player. A pair of deuces and a royal flush of nerve have been known to work wonders. There is where the fun comes in. You can count safely on nothing—except of course that the other fellow will "do" you if he gets an opening. Just keep your eyes on him. If you have an eye in the back part of your head, too, it will be of great assistance.

Never presume on human honesty in a game of poker. It will save hard feelings, if not money. The man who is the soul of integrity in ordinary business will turn you down in a horse trade and do you up at poker without a twinge of conscience. The essence of poker skill lies in deceit—and the more deceitful you are the more likely you will be to come out ahead.

Women make good poker players, but never play any game with money in it with a woman. She can't help cheating, and when you catch her at it you can't punch her in the nose or kick her out.

When a man can draw one card, with fours in hand, with exactly the same impassive countenance or expression of diffidence he will wear in drawing to a bob tailed flush, he will have almost mastered the art of poker. There is but one higher step, and that is to be able to read such a face correctly.

In poker checks or any other promises don't go. It is c. o. d.—cash on the nail. Nobody of experience of the game will trust anybody who plays it. That is an other beauty of the institution. You just shake off all moral obligations and meet every man on the dead level of a common humanity. A man's check or word of honor may go for thousands in Wall street and be no good at poker. Cash is a necessary rule of the game. If you haven't cash and cash to spare, you'd better stay out of it. Better to stay out anyhow.—New York Herald.

DAKOTA'S SHELL MOUNDS.

Twin Hills on the Prairies Made Up of Oyster Shells.

In the south central portion of North Dakota lies a butte, or mountain, which is a wonderful relic of an ancient era when the ocean covered the state. It is really two buttes, 200 or more feet in height, which are composed of little else than oyster shells. They are in the extreme southwestern part of Logan county, about 75 miles southwest of this city, and probably 35 miles east of the Missouri river. The base of the butte, which at a height of about 100 feet is divided and forms two peaks, each about 100 feet high, is about three-quarters of a mile in length, oblong in shape and lies extended in a northeastern and southwestern direction. The sides are precipitous, except at the southern extremity, where it is possible to drive part way up.

The butte lies in a region almost entirely settled by Russians, and none, so far as could be learned, has even visited it or even given it a name. It is a conspicuous landmark, visible for miles in every direction, as it towers above the surrounding rolling prairie and the valley of the Beaver—a tributary of the Missouri river—near which it is located. Very little vegetation is found on the butte besides prickly pear and in favored spots bunches of grass. The northern end of the butte, which has borne the brunt of wind and rain for numberless centuries, is scarred and eaten away and presents almost vertical walls to the northwest winds. Here and there on its face are huge blocks of the cemented shells, which form a kind of rock, which from a distance appears ready to fall outward and downward with a crash. The jutting crags and rocks make a wild and picturesque sight.

The southern peak, which can only be surmounted after a stiff climb, is nearly flat on top, oval in contour, and nothing is visible on the surface but oyster shells, some of them whole, as though just opened of their contents, some crumbling to dust, as though extremely old, while on every hand are broken shells of all sizes. An excavation on the surface reveals naught but more shells and a slight intermixture of gravel.

The other peak is somewhat different in character and contour, though this, like the other, is composed of nothing but shells. It is rougher, and the shells seem to have been united into a kind of rock which defies the wind and weather. This is separated from the butte by a huge block 10 or 12 feet square and is almost as true a cube in general outline as though the hammer and wedge of the stonecutter had fashioned it. Here and there, projecting from the sides, are at intervals large shells which countless frosts have failed to loosen. A small cave has been discovered in the side of this peak. Shells form its roof, its sides and its floor. The butte is isolated, with no hills approaching it in height to be seen in any direction for miles.—Jamestown (N. D.) Letter in Minneapolis Journal.

The Sphere of Silence.

There are things too low to be spoken of, which indeed become low by being spoken of. The appetites are of this kind. They were meant to be the beginnings of action rather than the end of speech, and under the dropping of words they are as wholesome food analyzed into constituent poisons. God lights that fire, and does not want our breath to blow it, or the fuel of our thought to feed it. The inferior impulses in man are glorified by being placed at the natural disposal of higher sentiments. They are submitted to the transforming power of generous aspiration and great ideas. Wielded by these, they are far above the level of sense, and are not only controlled by conscience, but dignified by the light of beauty, and ennobled by the alliance of affection. Their just action is secured far less by repressive discipline against them than by nourishing the strength of the humanities that use them, by keeping them wholly inattentive to themselves, by breaking every mirror in which their own face may be beheld.

Purity of mind is forfeited less by exceeding rules of moderation than by needing them, by intuition of the inferior pleasures as such. There might be less of moral evil in the rude banquet of heroic times, marked perhaps by excess, but warmed by social enthusiasm, and idealized by lofty minstrelsy, than in many a meal of the prudent dietician, setting a police over his sensations, and weighing out the scruples of enjoyment for his palate. Not rules of quantity, but habits of forgetfulness, constitute our emancipation from the animal nature.—Dr. Martineau.

Rapid Bridge Building.

In the building of bridges the question of speed is a very important one. When the bridge costs $1,000,000 or more, it becomes important to save interest, and it is always important to reduce as much as possible the period during which the unfinished work is exposed to danger from sudden floods, ice jams and other causes. Says a writer in Professor Shaler's "United States of America:"

A remarkable instance of the speed with which the American bridge can be erected occurred in the case of the Cairo bridge of the Illinois Central railroad over the Ohio river.

The two channel spans of that bridge are each more than 500 feet long. The trusses are 91 feet deep and stand 45 feet apart. The total weight of each span is a little more than 2,000,000 pounds.

One of these spans was erected in six days. The false work on which the span was built was then taken down; the piles were drawn and redriven for the second span; the false work again erected on the piles, and the second span built. The whole time used in erecting the two great spans and moving the false works was one month and three days, and this time included five days lost in waiting for the completion of certain masonry. This is the quickest time in bridge building of which there is any record.

PHILLIPS HELD ON.

HE STAID WITH THE WHALE AND NOW IS WELL FIXED.

The Thrilling Adventure of a Long Island Truck Farmer Who Has His Share of the Qualities Generally Credited to Residents of His Part of the World.

"A whaling story? Well, there's a man here named Phillips, a truck farmer, and of course a whaler. About eight years ago he belonged to one of our boat crews. A big whale was sighted about three miles out, and the usual excitement occurred. Every man of a crew knows his place, and when the alarm is given he drops everything and makes for the beach.

"So, at the first cry of 'Whale!' the barber left his half shaved man in the chair, the man driving out of town drove back again, the storekeeper deserted his customers, and everybody ran.

"This truck farmer happened to be trimming some trees, and had no coat on, though it was a pretty cold day. He ran down the road in his shirt sleeves, knife in hand, just as he was. If a member of a crew isn't there, you see, a volunteer will get his place, and if the whale is killed, also his share of the proceeds. Phillips got there. The boats were manned—the oars, harpoons, lances, etc., are always kept right there under the boats for such an emergency—and with the general help got safely through the combers that were rolling in from a pretty stiff sea.

"Now, there's always a rivalry between whalemen as to getting in the first iron. The two crews were pretty evenly matched and reached the whale about the same time, taking either side, the whale's nose being toward shore. It is a trick they play on a whale, you see. He just lies there, looking from one to the other, as if wondering which he'd tackle or which was liable to tackle him. The bowman who was to throw the harpoon was as much excited in one boat as in the other. Both threw at once, and both fell short—yes, and both boats were swamped at exactly the same moment. The whale was so surprised to see everything suddenly disappear on both sides of him that he never stirred. It was a nasty situation.

"Phillips was thrown out of the boat right up against the side of the monster. Phillips was excited, and being a truck farmer from Long Island, hated to go out three miles and get only a wetting. He had the pruning knife in his overalls, and while every other man was trying to right the boats he drew this knife and struck the whale a terrible blow just back of his left flipper and killed it.

"Yes, that single blow killed it, but a whale never dies right away when he gets a death blow. Phillips didn't want to lose his knife, and he could not pull it out. While he was hanging on to it the whale dived to the bottom of the ocean, taking Phillips along with it. You never heard of a Long Islander letting go of anything voluntarily that had money in it, so Phillips held on. The whale soon came to the surface, or else the man would have been drowned, and as soon as he came up he made for the open sea, dragging Phillips alongside.

"The whale never stopped until he got ten miles out, where he rolled over on his side, as dead as a salted mackerel. Now, Phillips was sticking on the starboard side, you see, and when the whale rolled over the other way it brought the truck farmer on the upper side, and on a moderately firm footing. To be sure of not slipping off, he took off his suspenders and tied himself to his knife, still fast behind the starboard fin, and then went to sleep.

"Well, sir, a ship came along and found the man there asleep on top of the whale. The skipper hailed Phillips and woke him up.

"'What're ye doing there?' he says.

"'Sleeping,' says Phillips. 'D'ye want to buy a whale?'

"The skipper was a Yankee and saw that there was money in this job, so he offered to rescue the truck farmer and take him back to Southampton for nothing for whatever interest he had in the whale.

"'Not a cent less than $250 will buy me off,'" said Phillips.

"'Then stay on,' said the skipper, and he squared braces and sailed away, leaving Phillips where he was. He was a plucky man, and he knew what a whale was worth. And he said to himself, 'I'll stick to my whale till I get my price, if I have to live on blubber all summer,' and then he cut out a chunk for a lunch.

"But he was right in the track of vessels and was finally picked up at a bargain by a whale ship just going around to Bering sea, and they took in the oil and bone and paid Phillips a big salary to go along—more than he could make by his truck farm and summer boarders in five years. The skipper reasoned that a man who could go out and kill a whale alone with a pruning knife, and had pluck enough to stick to his find until he sold it, would be a good man to take on the voyage. And he was right, for the vessel had the biggest kind of luck, and came home full of oil. The share of the truck farmer gave him a good start, and he invested it in a sand bank and sold out to New Yorkers for country seats.

"He lives over yonder in that pretty cottage, but you'll know him by a scar on his nose, where the whale scraped him on the bottom of the ocean eight years ago."—New York Herald.

Proud of His Work.

"I hope you like your work, my lad," said a benignant elderly person to a messenger boy as they waited together to cross a street. "Men who take pride in their work are the men who succeed." "Oh, I'm a record breaker, the manager says." "That's the way for a boy to talk. Tell me how you do better than the other boys." "I can take longer to carry a message than any of them."—Providence Visitor.

WHAT THE DUKE HAS COST.

Has Received Salaries of Many Offices and Gifts of More Than $3,500,000.

The Duke of Cambridge, the queen's cousin, is one of the fat kine who have managed to pick up a decent living at the expense of the British taxpayers without that enormous amount of service that might be supposed to cover the income they receive.

He was the son of the tenth child of George II, who was created Duke of Cambridge, Earl of Tipperary and Baron Culloden, and who died in 1850. George, the second and present duke, was voted an annuity of $60,000 a year when his father died, and the orphan's path was made tolerably easy. Joseph Hume, the well known economist, voted to reduce this amount by one-half, but could find only 52 members to go with him in the lobby.

The young duke was a soldier. John Bright moved to limit the duke's income to the $60,000 from all sources, but this very reasonable proposition was defeated—108 to 39. The duke graduated in army emoluments in 1839, when at 18 years of age he became a colonel. Eight years later he was a major general, in which capacity he held some of the most lucrative posts in the service; in 1854 a lieutenant general, and was given the command of a Crimean division; in 1856 a general on full pay, and six years later a field marshal at $22,500 a year, with the command in chief.

Every step, notably the last, was over the heads of able and veteran officers, grown gray in the country's service. In 1861 he was made colonel of the Grenadier guards, and as this greatly coveted military appointment, with its $10,660 a year, has for 27 years been retained by one already overloaded with public money and honors, it can be imagined how much assistance army economists and reformers are likely to get from the head of the service.

H. R. H. also resides at Gloucester House, free of rent, rates and taxes, an immunity which must be at least worth about $10,000 a year, and this privilege he has enjoyed since 1857. The duke has also since 1852 been ranger of St. James, Green and Hyde parks and since 1857 ranger of Richmond park, all little pickings of salaries making a sum equal to $12,500 a year apiece or about $65,000. Besides this he is colonel of the artillery and the engineer regiments.

To all hints that he might resign and let some other soldier have a chance at the lucrative and honorable position as head of the army the duke has turned a deaf ear. If the British nation does not know when it has a good servant, George, duke of Cambridge, is fully alive to the fact that he has a good master, and is in no hurry to quit.

An estimate of the amount of money the Duke of Cambridge has drawn from the British people since he did them the honor of seeking a living at their expense brings the sum total to near £700,000, or about $3,500,000. The amount that he has cost the nation by opposition to ideas of military reform is not so easily estimated. Perhaps there are two sides to that question. The salary side seems to have only one, and a well battered one, too, for the duke.—Boston Globe.

Richard Vaux and Thomas Moore.

The following old story of the late Richard Vaux is worth reviving. Late in the thirties Mr. Vaux attended a musicale at the house of a noble patroness of the arts in Dublin, and there met the immortal Tom Moore. The poet sang a number of his melodies, accompanying himself on the piano. Afterward Mr. Vaux was presented to the poet. "He shook me warmly by the hand," said Mr. Vaux, in telling the story, "and, without relinquishing his grasp, took me to a sofa, where we sat together.

"'So, Mr. Vaux, you are from the United States?' said the poet. 'Pray tell me from which one of your sovereignties?' 'Pennsylvania and Philadelphia.' 'Oh, Philadelphia! Yes, yes. I remember my stay there. Its Quaker citizens, their simplicity, earnestness and quiet truthfulness impressed me very much. Well, tell me, has it changed in latter times? I wish I was young enough to go back to America. I shall always regret some of the mistakes I made while in America. Unfortunately they are written. Do tell me if I have yet some friends in your country.'

"I assured him that in the villages and towns and great cities his melodies were among the household gods. He seemed pleased, and sang for me 'The Last Rose of Summer.' A short time afterward, coming to me, he said: 'May I ask you a favor? I feel a little exhausted—not very well, and possibly, as your carriage is here, you will accompany me home.' In a few minutes we entered the carriage, and leaving him at his lodgings I departed."—Philadelphia Record.

Only a Few of Them.

Napoleon was really an Italian who was so ashamed of his nationality as to Frenchify even his name. But he did not allow his animosity to end here. Every Italian who came to court at France was subject to what we should call a "roasting" on the score of his nationality. Even the ladies were not spared, and once when Bonaparte was talking with a brilliant young Italian countess he suddenly broke out with:

"Madam, is it true, as they say, that Italians are liars?"

Sweeping low, the lady replied:

"Buona parte, sire, Buonaparte!"—Boston Budget.

She Lost It.

Little Nellie persisted in rocking backward and forward in her high chair at the breakfast table.

"Don't do that, dear," advised mamma. "You will lose your balance."

Nellie heard, but heeded not. In another moment she was thrown from her perch, and without crying a sound looked earnestly about her.

"What are you doing, Nellie?" asked mamma anxiously.

"I'm looking for my balance," whimpered Nell.—Exchange.

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Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4457 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H B Ryan, Rec Sec, 3573 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 325 W Van Buren st; Path Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2703 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec, Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 566 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; P Cunningham, F S; Ed McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P. Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 3020 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4420 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 455 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; H J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

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Div 15—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2439 W Fulton st; Wm O'Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 16—James Thomas, Pres, 4325 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 3249 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3729 Halsted st, at 8 p m.

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Div 22—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Park Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 23—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4536 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNeily, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 31st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 25—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 256, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1322, Pullman; P Hayes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

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Div 28—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 539 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 30—John T Keating, Pres, 3627 Jackson av; E Ryan, v p; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 3427 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 3439 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

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Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 261 W Lake st; R S, M T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1059 Lake st.

St. Casimir No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2261 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhafer, 559 37th st; F S, H J Janssen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 8225 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hara; Treas, Theo M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashendon, 218 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Monday at North and Western ave.

St Benedict's No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Divisionst; R S, Wm Klein, 42 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Mahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Lafin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 189 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd st; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Meier; Treas, Val Schmittenschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 12th st; R S Julius Baier, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John O Cronin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 128 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 3 Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, 92 Lilling. Meet 1st and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 226 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 32 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, F J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 285 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Nemec, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 1st and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson ave.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krimp; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Clarke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3005 Sheffield av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3723 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western ave.

Richard Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Clarke court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 p m, in Sodality hall, California av and Harrison st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5732 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, P C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

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St Bridget's No 43—C R, John E Long, 2201 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos F Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 2113 Archer av.

St Boniface No 45—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 165 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 259 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in each month at

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak-st; R S, A P Deasc, 252 E Division st; F S, W J Lynan; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cassat and Chicago av.

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THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
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We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $55 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metal, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings. Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

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In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—No. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
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No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy

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Dated Chicago, May 30, 1895.

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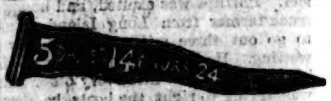

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